The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April, *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

With our next number will be given a new and specially engraved portrait of Q. (Mr. Quiller-Couch).

The *Daily News* the other day gave currency to a rumour that Mr. Balfour is engaged on an important literary work, and conjectured that the subject might be a review of the life and writings of John Stuart Mill. We doubt whether this conjecture is correct. Indeed, we have reason to believe that it is not. Two years ago it was formally announced that the next issue of the series of Philosophical Classics, edited by Professor Knight for Messrs. Blackwood, would be a volume on Mill by Mr. Balfour; but we understand that Mr. Balfour has not found leisure to carry out his intention, and has been obliged definitely to abandon the idea. The Leader of the House of Commons cannot have much time to spare, but it is a pity that the author of 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt' should be entirely lost to philosophy. His review of Mill would have been interesting in many ways. Readers of what Mr. Balfour has published will understand the attraction of the subject for him.

We understand that the volume on Mill in the Philosophical Classics will probably be undertaken by Professor Minto when he has completed an 'Introduction to Logic,' with which he has been occupied for some time. Mr. Minto is Professor of Logic at Aberdeen. This 'Introduction' will so far follow the writer's lectures on the subject that it will give more prominence than is usual to the history of logical doctrines. An attempt will be made to trace the genesis of the principal logical forms as well as to illustrate their practical application as a discipline.

The accounts of the movements of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which have appeared in the daily papers are not quite accurate. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have sailed with Mrs. Balestier, who will henceforth reside in America. Mr. Kipling will remain in New York long enough to transact some business relating to the affairs of the late Mr. Wolcot Balestier, after which he will proceed with his wife on a voyage round the world. It is Mr. Kipling's intention to write nothing beyond occasional verses and sketches during this period. He wishes to receive impressions, and then to commence work on a larger scale. He has made arrangements for any necessary communications with London.

Mr. Kipling will contribute to the American *Youth's Companion* one of a series of articles entitled, "Looking Back on One's Boyhood."

We understand that no arrangements have yet been made for a complete and authoritative biography of Mr. Spurgeon. A little work by the Rev. R. Shindler, the sheets of which were read by Mr. Spurgeon, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. The same publishers will issue shortly one of Mr. Spurgeon's most important works, the Commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel, on which he was long engaged. He revised, but did not write any part of, this work during his last days at Mentone.

The *Sword and Trowel*, Mr. Spurgeon's magazine, will be conducted by Messrs. Keys and Harrald, formerly his private secretaries.

Subscribers to that great and monumental undertaking, the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' will learn with pleasure that its completion has been ensured by the munificent publisher. Mr. George Smith, who has been deeply interested in the undertaking, hopes to see it finished in his lifetime—an anticipation in which all will cordially join—but in any case its completion has been assured. The work has not been a commercial success, but in every other respect it has surpassed reasonable anticipation, and it is fit to be the crown even of such a publishing career as that of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

The portrait of the late Mr. J. K. Stephen in the present issue is from a photograph by Mr. Colin Lunn, of Cambridge.

It is stated with authority that Mrs. Humphry Ward has received in all, from various sources, something like £18,000 for 'David Grieve.'

Lord Tennyson is said to be greatly angered at the book in which Mr. Churton Collins seems, at any rate, to bring against him a charge of plagiarism. This is a charge which has always had the most irritating effect upon the poet, and

most people will probably agree that a book like Mr. Collins's is probably best postponed until the author with whose work it deals is beyond the feeling of resentment. We are confident that the greater number of the critics who to-day deal so cavalierly with Virgil, Homer, Horace, and the other great immortals, would abstain if their victims were still in the land of the living.

And in this case the matter is made worse by the fact that Lord Tennyson had been at especial pains to show his feelings in regard to any charges of this kind. "These writers," he said to a friend, on the occasion when he was last made the subject of this charge—"these writers are the lice on the locks of literature"—showing that even in his wrath a poet does not forget to use "alliteration's artful aid."

Nor is this anger remarkable when it is remembered on what passages the would-be accuser fixed in order to prove the truth of his indictment. Poor Tennyson was not allowed to say "Ring the bells" without being accused of having borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, or to apply to the ocean the verb "roar" without being told that he had plagiarised from Homer! And when he described a waterfall in the well-known line, "Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," he was immediately charged by a critic with having borrowed the metaphor from the lawn used in theatres to imitate a waterfall! Imagine the feelings of a faithful artist who had studied the effect before a waterfall in the Pyrenees!

In spite of the many rumours in the press and elsewhere of a forthcoming addition to the Carlyle biographical literature from the joint pens of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, we have good reason for stating that nothing of the kind need be expected. Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle feel entire satisfaction with Mr. Norton's book, and see no reason just now for supplementing it.

There are few more curious incidents in the annals of publishing than the appearance of the 'Cheveley Novels.' The secrecy which surrounded their authorship, the prominence which so eminent a firm as Messrs. Blackwood gave to their announcement, the support given at first by influential critics, and their ultimate collapse, have hardly faded from the public memory. The announcement that the author, Mr. Valentine Durrant, has just died at Bournemouth, revives these incidents.

Were it permissible to tell the story of the author and his books, it would take its place among the romances of literature. As it is, it must suffice to say that Valentine Durrant was the son of a baker in Brighton. There he dabbled in literature, and ultimately came to London, and lived in great poverty and suffering at Fulham. The friend who printed the 'Cheveley Novels' for him seems to have been in ignorance of his condition, and to have left him to his resources during this time. In 1874 he began contributing to a now defunct boys' magazine, and afterwards published the 'Cheveley Novels.' His other books were 'Souls and Cities,' 'His Child Friend,' and 'The Record of Ruth.' It is not likely that these would have all been published without the aid of the friend who spent much money in backing his works. Mr. Durrant had a grant from the Royal Literary Fund to enable him to move to Bournemouth last year.

The publication of "A. K. H. B.'s" diary will make his guests careful—especially in the consumption of porter. But 'Twenty-five Years in St. Andrews' is a trifle compared with a mammoth literary diary which is being got ready by a well-known literary man who lives, and has long lived, in the very heart of literary London. Happily, the gentleman in question is not an ill-natured man. Still, he has resolved that the work shall not be published till he is quite out of reach.

Mr. Barry Pain, who reviews fiction for the *Speaker* (he reckons that three novels fall to his share each week), will publish his new book next spring. It was to have appeared in the "Whitefriars Library," but as it is of a serious nature, and not suitable for a "Library of Humour," he has made other arrangements.

It may here be stated definitely, and thus prevent further questioning on the subject, that Valentine Dillon is the name of the writer who has for a considerable time succeeded in concealing his identity by the persistent use of the signature "E. B. Lanin." Like his kinsman, Dr. E. J. Dillon—who, by the way, is rather annoyed at his name being associated with the above *nom-de-plume*—Dr. Valentine Dillon has had ample opportunity of judging the varied phases of Russian life. In his forthcoming volume the startling revelations in some of the *Fortnightly* articles have neither been curtailed nor modified.

"Q." is about to publish a second collection of short stories.

We hear that Mr. Charles Lowe, late representative of *The Times* in Berlin, where he resided for nearly thirteen years, is now engaged upon an historical novel dealing with scenes and incidents of the Seven Years' War, his hero being his Scottish countryman, Field-marshal Keith, who fell at Hochkirch. But his story will also include portraits of some of the most prominent characters who figured at the Court or in the camps of the Great Frederick.

A third edition of Miss E. Nesbit's 'Lays and Legends,' first series, is about to be issued. Messrs. Longmans are bringing out a second series of the 'Lays and Legends,' which, in the writer's own opinion, is the best thing she has ever done.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been seriously ill from influenza—so ill that Dr. Broadbent was summoned in consultation. He is now, we are glad to say, very much better.

The volume of short stories by Ambrose Bierce, published under the title of 'In the Midst of Life' by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is attracting some notice from the press, and reviewers are expressing the hope that they may hear of the new author again. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bierce is a veteran in letters. During the palmy days of *Fun* he was a constant contributor to its pages, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Dod Gril," and was a friend of the then editor, Tom Hood. Mr. Bierce is now a man of sixty or sixty-five.

'Nalaukha,' the story written in collaboration by Messrs. Kipling and Balestier, will be published in England by Mr. Heinemann. The American publication has not yet been arranged for.'

Mr. Stanley Weyman is engaged on a new novel in the style of his successful 'House of the Wolf.'

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story, 'Nada the Lily,' will be the first work of his copyrighted in America.

Mr. Christie Murray is on the Continent writing a new novel.

Mr. I. Zangwill, author of 'The Bachelor's Club,' has a new book on hand for publication in the spring season.

Mr. George Newnes has secured the publication in volume form of 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' Mr. Conan Doyle's very clever stories, which have been so attractive a feature in the *Strand Magazine*. The copyright has been protected in America.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has given up her house in London. We believe she meditates a sequel to 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'

Mr. Hassall has just completed his monograph on Louis XIV. for the 'Men of Action' series, published by Putnam, the New York printer, and so well started by Mr. Fletcher's 'Gustavus Adolphus.'

The Rev. Charles Gore, who has only just recovered from a very severe attack of influenza, and has within the last few days arrived at Oxford after a fortnight's sojourn at Eastbourne, is resting preparatory to engaging on a more ambitious work than even 'Lux Mundi.' He declares that his 'Bampton Lectures' were suited to the "feeble intellects" of his undergraduate hearers, and proposes to treat his subject from a more abstruse and academic standpoint.

Mr. Arthur Hassall, the author of the clever monograph on Bolingbroke, and joint-editor of 'Constitutional Essays,' is now engaged on the task of arranging for the writing of a series of manuals upon European History from the sixteenth century onwards. He himself will edit the series, and probably work himself upon the first half of the eighteenth century, leaving the other half to the competent hands of Mr. Morse Stephens. Mr. H. O. Wakeman, of All Souls, has also consented to assist in the work.

We are glad to hear that the health of Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison) is much improved.

Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane will issue on May 1st 'The Earth Fiend,' a ballad made and etched by William Strang. Mr. Strang is known as one of the most original of British etchers, and his literary effort will be looked forward to with interest. The work will be issued in two states, fifty-five copies on old hand-made paper and a hundred and fifty on Japanese paper.

Mr. C. J. Radley, whose contribution of an essay on 'Self-Help *versus* State Pensions' is a notable feature of the third edition of 'A Plea for Liberty' (Murray), has died of influenza. Mr. Radley, for some time High Chief Ranger of the Ancient Order of Foresters, was a recognised authority on the work and management of Friendly Societies.

Dr. Wm. Smith's new series of Latin books for the use of young children is on the point of completion, and the four parts will be issued shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Professor Beddard is going to publish (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) a book on 'Animal Colouration,' which is to supplement rather than rival Dr. Poulton's book on the subject which appeared last year. Dr. Poulton devotes much space to the Insects, which Prof. Beddard, though he includes them in his survey—as indeed he is bound to, since the theory of mimicry depends for its evidence almost entirely upon them—treats rather less fully than the other groups. The book will furnish a welcome *resumé* of the whole theory and its facts, from a general zoological point of view, rather than from the natural selection point of view adopted by Dr. Poulton and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace in the chapter on colouration in his 'Darwinism.' It will be illustrated by coloured plates and woodcuts.

Messrs. W. H. Paterson and Son are passing through the press an *edition de luxe* of 'Jane Eyre,' in two vols., 8vo; the edition will be bound in half morocco, embellished with seven etchings and portrait, and limited to 300 copies.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS.

Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea, by W. Clark Russell. 3 vols.

A Valley of Shadows, by G. Colmore. 2 vols.

Across the Plains, by R. L. Stevenson.

A New Volume of Stories, by Walter Besant.

The Complete Poetical Works of George Mac Donald, LL.D.

Messrs. GRIFFITH, FARRAN and Co.

Stories from Newbery House. Second Series. Among the contributors are G. A. Henty, W. W. Fenn, Austin Clare, etc.

Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand, fifth and last vol., with an index to the whole work. (April.)

Notable Generals, by Major J. P. Groves, illustrated by Colonel Marshman.

The Westlakes, by T. Cobb.

An Evil Spirit, and A Just Impediment, by Richard Pryce. 1 vol.

A Fatal Silence, by Florence Marryat.

Jack and His Three Jills, by F. C. Phillips.

In and about Bohemia, by C. J. Wills.

His Sister's Hand, by C. J. Wills. 3 vols.

A Covenant with the Dead, by Clara Lemore. 3 vols.

No Compromise, by the authors of Paul Nugent.

Messrs. HENRY and Co.

Gentlewoman's Book of Sports. Part 1 (Victoria Library for Gentlewomen), containing contributions on Fishing, Boating, Swimming, Skating, Tennis, Cricket, Archery, Golf, and Fencing; edited by Lady Violet Greville.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY.

The late Professor Moseley's Notes by a Naturalist on the *Challenger*. New and cheaper edition, containing all the author's latest additions.

The Elements of Ethics, by J. H. Muirhead. University Extension Series (early in March).

The Study of Animal Life, by T. A. Thomson, with many illustrations. University Extension Series.

Messrs. MACMILLAN and Co.

Essays on Controverted Questions, by Professor Huxley. The essays are reprinted from various periodicals, but the author has prefixed an introductory prologue.

A Picture of Pauperism, with some remarks on the endowment of old age, by Mr. Charles Booth. The book will be issued as a pamphlet at sixpence shortly after its appearance in volume form.

Two dramas, entitled *Phaon and Sappho* and *Nimrod*, by Mr. John Dryden Hosken. The first-named drama has already been printed for local circulation in Cornwall, and has attracted the favourable notice of many good judges of poetry, among others of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Marion Crawford, The Three Fates, 3 vols.; Mrs. Oliphant, The Marriage of Elinor, 3 vols.; Henry James, The Lesson of the Master and other Stories. 1 vol; Major Gambier Parry, The Story of Dick, a study of country life in the West of England.

Messrs. NISBET and Co.

In the March *Thinker*, articles by Prof. Godet and Rev. T. G. Selby.

Messrs. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN and Co.

Professor Möller's Church History, translated by Rev. A. Rutherford. One of the best handbooks in point of mastery of modern methods and research.

Sidney Webb. The London Programme, 1s. This is a cheap popular edition issued in view of the forthcoming L.C.C. Election.

Messrs. F. WARNE and Co.

Her Great Self, by Marion Harland. This tale by the popular American writer will be issued in Messrs. Warne's series of one-volume copyright novels.

Messrs. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON AND FERRIER.

The Old Order and the New, a Story of Transition Times in Village Life, by Ella Stone.

Falconer of Falconhurst, by Evelyn Everett-Green, and A Pair of Pickles, by the same author; both illustrated.

The Wooing of Christabel, by Mrs. Neal.

Tatters, by Hermione.

Wimpleburn; or, Village Sketches and other Poems, by James Milligan.

Three new volumes of their Popular Shilling Series, viz., A Vain Sacrifice, by Mrs. Jessie K. Lawson; In Rosby Village, by Mary Hampden; and Millicent's Mistake, by Sarah Selina Hamer.

Messrs. HADDON AND Co.

Popular Ballads, Old and New, by Robert Buchanan, first series. The first volume will include an important ballad on the Salvation Army, which it is calculated, will give rise to considerable controversy. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Bancroft.

Scottish. Mr. Taylor-Innes has prepared for publication a volume of essays selected from his contributions to the *Contemporary* and other *Reviews*. The volume, which will contain much new matter, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, under the title of 'The Scottish Past and Present.'

The Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, a club of Scottish booksellers and book-collectors, with a membership limited to seventy, have issued their Proceedings for 1890-91. It is illustrated with several fac-simile pages of bibliographical curiosities, and contains a paper on James Watson, the Edinburgh printer, by Mr. J. S. Gibb; "The Bibliography of the Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland," by Wm. Cowan; "The Bibliography of the Capuchins, John Forbes and George Leslie, both named in Religion 'Archangel,'" by T. Graves Law, of the Signet Library; and a paper on "The Arithmetica of Jordanus Nemorarius, Paris, 1496," by Mr. John Scott, C.B., which has been supplemented by a further communication this session.

At a recent meeting of the Society an interesting Burns item was exhibited by Mr. Wm. Brown. This is a MS. dated 11th April, 1787, and docqueted on the back in the poet's handwriting, "Kirkwood's acc^{t}," the account, for 12s., of James Kirkwood for printing and mounting, for Burns's own use, thirty-six India-proof impressions "of your head," being the engraving of his portrait by Beugo after Nasmyth, which was the frontispiece of the Edinburgh edition of his works. The account is marked beneath, "J. Kirkwood will settle with Mr. Creech for the above when he gets his three copies of the poems."

These impressions were carried about with him by Burns, and presented to various friends, in the manner of present-day carte-de-visites. We learn from his correspondence that he sent one to the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair on 3rd May, 1787, and on the following day one to William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, accompanied by the lines, "Revered defender of beauteous Stuart"; and in the journal of his Border Tour he records that, while walking in Esther Easton's garden with Miss Lindsay, "after some little chit-chat of the tender kind, I presented her with a proof print of my *nob*, which she accepted with something more tender than gratitude."

Various departments of bibliographical research have been undertaken by individual members of the Society. Handlists of the works of old Scottish printers, of the productions of local presses, of books dealing with Queen Mary, of condemned Scottish books, etc., are to be prepared and circulated, with a view to additions and corrections by members and others interested, and future publication.

The Rev. H. A. Macpherson, M.A., President of the Carlisle Scientific Society, is about to publish by subscription, through Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, 'A Vertebrate Fauna of Lakeland,' including Cumberland and Westmoreland, with Lancashire north of the Sands. The volume will contain an introductory chapter by Chancellor Ferguson, of Carlisle, dealing with the topography of the district.

The Burns Birthnight celebrations in Scotland this year were enlivened by an amusing passage-at-arms between Mr. Lang and Mr. Henley. An Edinburgh Burns Club had secured Mr. Lang's presence at their anniversary gathering, and in proposing the Immortal Memory, he seized the opportunity of replying to the critics of his recent edition of Burns. Among these was Mr. Henley, who had found fault with Mr. Lang's selection, and spoken disrespectfully in particular of "Scots wha hae." "This poem," Mr. Lang said in retort, "of which Mr. Carlyle had a high opinion, is 'swaggering rant.' I had not supposed that the gentleman who opposes it was so much akin to Mrs. Quickly in his modest tastes that he, of all men, could not abide swagger."

Naturally one looked to the *National Observer* for the next incident in this duel of wits. The personal references to the editor were ignored, but a palpable hit was made in reply to Mr. Lang's speculations as to what Burns might have been if he had lived in our times, and tried to make a living by his pen. "London would inevitably have sucked him into its dingy and disastrous Corrievreckan." What does this mean? asked the *National Observer*. Is it not a reflection on Burns's strength of character? Did the Corrievreckan suck in the great novelist who began life as a small boy in a blacking warehouse? Certainly the supposition would not seem to be altogether complimentary to "Robert," who surely showed strength of will enough in educating himself as he did.

Provincial clubs are always glad of "distinguished strangers" at their feasts, but it is inconsiderate on the part of the honoured guests to fight out their private quarrels on such occasions. Not very long ago a local Pen and Pencil Club entertained Mr. Harry Furniss in the course of his lecturing tour, and were entertained by him in turn with his grievances against Mr. G. A. Sala and the editor of the *National Observer*. It was reported that his audience did not much like it.

Mr. John Grant, Edinburgh, has in the press a new edition of 'The Costume of the Clans,' the large and scarce folio volume by the brothers Stuart, who posed in society some fifty years ago as grandsons of the Young Pretender. The text, to which has been added biographies of the authors, has been carefully revised, while the thirty-seven full-page plates are guaranteed to be fac-similes of the originals in the edition of 1845.

Irish. The one literary event of this month in Dublin is the appearance of a new work by Dr. Ingram's brother. Its title is, 'England and Rome: A History of the Relations between the Papacy and the English State and Church from the Norman Conquest to 1688,' by T. Dunbar Ingram, LL.D. (London, Longman's.) It constitutes an exhaustive study of the relations between England and Rome, specially at the time of Henry VIII., Dr. Dunbar Ingram having made that period a special study, and his new work may be expected to create some controversy.

Dr. Dunbar Ingram has, before his present venture, treated of the subject of the Union of 1800. He is a strong Unionist, and as such champions Pitt's work with enthusiasm. Mr. Gladstone used at the time some strong language about Dr. Dunbar Ingram's writings.

Dr. Ingram, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, has been appointed President of the Royal Irish Academy in place of the late Bishop Reeves. Dr. Ingram has many qualifications entitling him to the position. He is a well-known writer on political economy. He has been Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, and he has been for forty years a member of the Academy. He is a gentleman of singular urbanity and of the widest culture. He will worthily represent the Academy at the forthcoming celebration of the Tercentenary of the University, when, of course, the President of the Academy is expected to occupy a foremost position.

Booksellers. The annual dinner of the bookselling trade, in conjunction with the Booksellers' Provident Institution, will be held at the Holborn Restaurant on March 19th. Mr. Frederick Macmillan will preside, and Mr. Edward Bell will occupy the vice-chair. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., the Rev. Canon Ainger, and Mr. Mowbray Morris are among the literary guests expected to be present on the occasion.

Messrs. Barnicott and Pearce, of Taunton, are preparing a new edition of their 'Theological and Devotional Catalogue,' also of 'The Country Gentleman's Reference Catalogue.'

Journalism. The circulation of the new sixpenny illustrated magazines is an extraordinary feature of the times. Of the first number of the *Idler* over 200,000 copies were sold. This did not in the least affect the *Strand Magazine*, the new issue of which goes to press with 275,000, an increase of 15,000 on the previous month.

Mr. Henry Hermann is to write the serial for Mr. Newnes' paper, the *Million*.

It is not generally known that there is an *Evening Telegraph* published in London every day. True, no newspaper boys cry its successive editions about the streets, nor does it appear for sale on the bookstalls. But the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, anxious to guard against any assumption of their title, have registered and are daily putting forth a dummy sheet, which they can at any time convert into a genuine newspaper, if they think that the "Largest Circulation in the World" ought to issue an evening edition.

An early issue of the *New Review* will contain a number of letters, hitherto unpublished, by Mr. Ruskin. They are addressed to one of his private secretaries, and deal largely with the charities to which Mr. Ruskin has been a liberal giver. It may be mentioned that the last increase in the price of the *New Review* has not at all diminished the sale.

The history of European journalism should form a fine subject for a *magnum opus* on which a conscientious student might spend his life. It might be guaranteed at least to fill his time till three score and ten. Meanwhile, in the separate countries the materials for such a comparative and comprehensive work are being collected. One of the most recent contributions to the subject is Zenker's 'History of Journalism in Vienna from its Origin till 1848' (Braumüller, Vienna).

Continental.

Among the most interesting of the forthcoming volumes in the 'Grands Ecrivains' series (Hachette), are 'Rabelais,' by M. René Millet; 'Saint Simon,' by M. Gaston Boissier, of the Académie; and 'Victor Hugo,' by M. Mabilleau. M. Lanson's 'Boileau' is just out.

Among the French books of the month, for readers at Rolandi's or Kolckmann's, may be mentioned Pierre Loti's 'Fantôme d'Orient' (Calmann Levy), 'Les Prophètes d'Israël,' by James Darmesteter (Calmann Levy), 'Le Devoir Présent,' by Paul Desjardins (Armand Cohn), 'La Sacrifiée,' by Edouard Rod, Renan's 'Feuilles détachées' (Calmann Levy), 'Ces Bons Docteurs,' by Gyp (Calmann Levy), 'La Sarcelle Bleue,' by René Bazin (Calmann Levy), and 'Les Grandes Légendes de France,' by E. Scherer (Perrin).

In the *Mémoires d'Auger*, recently edited by Paul Cottin, there are some vivid pictures of the literary and political life of France from 1810 to 1859.

The fourth and last volume of Renan's 'History of the People of Israel' will not be ready till October. It promises to be a more elaborate and longer bit of work than the author anticipated. It will be divided into two parts, to the latter of which will be added a general index of the four volumes.

The life of a man of letters in ancient Rome has been the subject of the curiosity and the research of the Abbé Reure (Berlin). He has collected an astonishing number of anecdotes, and ferreted out many strange facts about the patronage under which, and by means of which, Roman letters flourished.

The complete edition of Schiller's Correspondence, which was planned by the late Robert Boxberger, is now well in hand. The editorship, which will involve a great amount of careful work—there are at least two thousand known letters to be arranged and, where necessary, annotated, and others will possibly be forthcoming—has passed into the hands of Herr Fritz Jonas.

'Gordon's Death' is the title of a recent German tragedy, by Ludwig Stein. The dramatist cannot be said to have realised the dramatic possibilities of his subject.

The controversy over Beethoven's 'Unsterbliche Geliebte' is not at an end. The lady designated in this glowing phrase was not named in the dateless letter in which the words occur, but Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, proved to the satisfaction of most who were interested in the composer's private affairs, that the Countess Therese Brunswick was meant. Herr Kalischer, however, returns to the contest after an interval of some years, and inscribes Giuletta Guicciardi on his shield. Thayer is not yet overthrown, and Therese will probably retain her place of honour.

The Moltke literature still pours out from the German press. One of the latest additions, 'Vermischte Schriften' (Mittler, Berlin), contains a good deal that for its own sake was hardly worth selecting from old reviews and unpublished manuscripts, but as bringing additional proofs of the many-sided intelligence of the great Field-marshal, the publication of none of the papers can be called superfluous. They are a useful commentary on the recent biography.

One of the best studies which have appeared of Zola and his methods hails from Germany. It forms the third part of a new series of *brochures* treating of literature and æsthetics, called 'Deutschen Shriften für Literatur und Kunst.' The editor of the series, Eugen Wolff, is the writer of the study in question, 'Zola und die Grenzen von Poesie und Wissenschaft.' Lipsius und Tischer, of Leipzig, are the publishers.

The heat has passed out of the Rembrandt controversy for the moment, but the controversy is by no means finally settled. Possibly it may have as long and varied a career as our Shakespeare-Bacon one, to which it bears a strong resemblance. When Lautner issued last year his ingenious, if not convincing, 'Wer ist Rembrandt?' and answered his own question by saying that Rembrandt was not Rembrandt at all, but Ferdinand Bol, he did not altogether bring about a revolution in the history of art, but he made some converts, and the Bolites mean to be as persevering and in the end more successful than Mr. Donnelly.

A new edition of the Tyrolese poet Hans von Vintler's works has just been issued by Liebeskind, of Leipzig. He was one of the sweetest, certainly one of the most spontaneous singers in modern German literature, but few poets have a reputation beyond their own country. When von Vintler died two years ago, his name was practically unknown save to German-speaking folks, and it is likely to remain so. Our adventurous spirits seek something more substantial for their trouble than a few fine lyrics.

The Correspondence of Rossini is being collected, and will be published before long. It will not only throw light on points of his career and his work of which at present little is known, but it will probably be a valuable addition to the history of the modern romantic movement in art.

Signor Chiarini has at length published his 'Amori di Ugo Foscoli nelle sue lettere.' If Foscolo had ever been placed on a high pedestal, this book would surely have

pulled him down. But the best patriots and lovers of poetry, whatever their affection for him, never looked at him with awe—his eccentricities forbade that. Signor Chiarini is a stern and cold-blooded editor, and analyses the passages of love and gallantry with perhaps over-relentless severity. Ugo was too garrulous to be taken quite so seriously in this regard. But the book is certainly one of the most curious in recent literature.

Among the most notable of recent Spanish novels is 'La Piedra Angular,' by Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán. It is a novel with a purpose, the purpose being to demonstrate the iniquity and the absurdity of capital punishment. The tragic story of Juan Rojo, the hangman of Maroneda, is powerfully conceived and carried out.

The authoress, who has won a high place in Spanish fiction, recently contributed a capital study of Alcarón, the novelist, to the 'Personajes Illustres' series.

Readers of modern Spanish fiction who watch how, with little originality of its own, it absorbs and assimilates all the prevailing fashions and tendencies, may be interested in another recent volume, 'Tinta Negrá,' by D. Joaquin Dicenta, a collection of short stories, strongly pessimistic in tone.

American. An audacious literary fraud has recently been exposed. Some little time ago there appeared in a number of American newspapers an article purporting to be made up of contributions from various distinguished literary women, on the subject, "How to Win a Husband." Among the signatures were those of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Hungerford. All these ladies have written to say that the articles in question are forgeries.

The fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' and Mrs. Margaret Deland's 'John Ward, Preacher, both dealt with phases of religious doubt (in 'Robert Elsmere' the husband became an Agnostic, and in 'John Ward, Preacher,' the wife was a sceptic) was much commented on at the time the books appeared. A similar coincidence is noticeable in the works upon which the same writers have recently been engaged. In 'David Grieve' Mrs. Humphry Ward discusses the problems of marriage and free love; and, curiously enough, it now transpires that Mrs. Deland has for several months been working at a novel (still unfinished) in which the very same questions are dealt with.

Mr. Harold Frederic, the European correspondent of the *New York Times*, will shortly issue two new books. One of these is actually finished, and is named 'The Lady of Muirisc'; it is a humorous Irish romance, and has been written for simultaneous serial issue, on both sides of the Atlantic. The opening chapters will be seen in the early days of April. The other is a book on the Russian Jews, the gist of which has already appeared in the *New York Times* in the form of letters. Mr. Frederic passed the whole of last summer in wandering through Russia, and, being well acquainted with German, he found no difficulty in conversing with, and learning much from, the peasantry. This gentleman shares with Mr. G. A. Sala the enviable reputation of producing the clearest "copy" in London.

Mrs. Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' is preparing a new volume of short stories.

Miscellaneous. It is not generally known that there is in existence a small pamphlet, bound in pink paper, entitled, 'Verses by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.' The date is 1881, and in place of the publisher's name the words, "London: Privately Printed," appear. The booklet consists of two poems only—the first, an undated lyric of three stanzas (five lines to each), entitled, "At the Fall of the Leaf," and the second a sonnet dated 1859, and headed, "After the French Liberation of Italy." The booklet is, we believe, very rare, only a few copies being in existence, and those for the most part in the hands of personal friends of the poet's.

The *Star* has discovered that the writer of a series of 'Confessions of a Duffer' in *Punch* is Mr. Lang. The writer of the 'Confessions' quoted some lines as part of a satire called the 'Logrolliad' he had written on the authors of the day. The *Star* found the lines in an anonymous poem by Mr. Lang, contributed to the *St. Andrews University Students' Magazine*. The satire should not be taken too seriously. Here it is:—

Still am I mute, while Logs go Rolling round
And fill the Weekly Papers with the sound,
While Haggard scrawls with blood in lieu of ink,
While Mallock teaches Marquises to think,
While yet Lang tells, and illustrates the tale
By precept and example *How to fail*,
While Leighton's pictures are for Chantrey bought,
While thoughtful Hutton still is full of thought,
While female Sceptics scream with acrid scoff
Their faith that *Miracles do not come off!*
And then refute the story which they tell
By this weird portent—that *their* stories sell;
While senile statesmen scribble in Reviews,
And guide the doubtful verdict of the Blues,
Still am I silent! Yet if e'er an age
Called for the cautery of poetic rage,
That age is Ours; and is M'Stimey mute,
Or twanging on the unregarded lute?
"Not so!" the Muse satiric answered bland,
And laid the *fasces* in my eager hand.

While Yankees British Copyright disdain,
While boomsters praise the 'Deemster' of Hall Caine,
While parsons over 'Robert Elsmere' nod,
While Harry Quilter deems himself a god,
While sweet Lynn Linton deigns to moralise,
I, too, must shoot at folly as it flies.

The infinitely Little let me sing
My tiny tribute to the Trumpery bring,
To Oscar's locks apply the tardy shears,
Hum, a mosquito, in the longest ears,
A slave, behind the twopenny triumph wait,
And to the victor hint the word of Fate.
Who first shall mount the block? In eager search
I scan the schoolboys and I wave the birch.
Kipling! Come up! The world may praise thee well,
But know thy fault, rash boy, thy stories sell.

Vulgar, debased, impossible thy tale
That makes the shilling purchaser grow pale,
While Hindustani jargon soils the page,
And youth must emulate the faults of age;
There swish, and swish, begone! and in disgrace,
While Black and Besant tremble in thy place.
This, Besant, for thy humanistic rant,
That, for thy sheer vulgarity, Besant!
And Black, take this for every sunset touch
That gilds the Western Highlands far too much;
That for each anecdote of Fish and Fly,
And *that* and *that* for vulgarising Skye.

And now for much-belauded Meredith,
There is no lack of rods to lash him with;
The cultured darling, vaunted through the land
By all who praise what none can understand,
Go, learn thine English Grammar; in thy stead
Send Hardy, much bepraised and never read:
That for thy tedious rustics, *that* and *that*
For many a novel dull, and tame, and flat.
Enough! enough! I lack the pith of Keate
Who flogged the whole school round from head to feet,
Enough to-night! the dripping rod is red,
And many a fool's cap waits the dunce's head,
But ere the evening's discipline be done,
Lock up the tops and toys of Stevenson.

"In reference to your remark on p. 166 of February BOOKMAN," says a correspondent, "as to the keeping of advertisements, is it worth noticing that in this way one also sees how long certain standard works take to come to completion? A notable instance of this is Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament. The first occurrence, if I mistake not, of the advertisement is in 1857, when I find it in the announcements at the end of Maurice's 'St. John,' where it is marked '*Preparing*.' It is more fully advertised in front of the advertisements in Westcott's 'Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles' (1859), in the same words that are given on the title-page of the work issued in 1881, with, of course, the alteration in the case of both editors of M.A. to D.D. In this, as in his other works, the Bishop of Durham has not given that which hath cost him nothing."

"PULVERIS EXIGUI JACTU COMPRESSA QUIESCUNT."

So used the Roman Virgil
To hush the strife of bees,
When hive with hive contended
Beneath his Mantuan trees:
They meet like human armies,
Like men they charge, they thrust:
To quell the war, you sprinkle
A handful of dry dust.

O fitful man's emotion,
O changeful hopes and fears,
O tears that end in laughter,
O laughter worthier tears,
O stormful fateful passions,
Ambition, hatred, lust,—
How very still ye slumber
Beneath how little dust.

G. A. CHADWICK.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER VI.

Carlyle on Politics and the Press—John Forster, the 'Daily News' and the 'Examiner'—Lady Bulwer on Fonblanque and Forster—Forster's imitation of Macready—Growth of Carlyle's intimacy with him—Difference in their views of Cromwell's coup d'état.

GOETHE has said somewhere that the most trying situation for a man is to find himself in completely altered circumstances without being mentally and otherwise in the least prepared for the change. One fine day this was my painful predicament. With good-will towards me Carlyle harboured a strong dislike for the person to whom the perplexities of my position were mainly due, so that sympathy and antipathy combined to induce him to interest himself in my behalf. "You may lead," he said to me, "a wild Ishmaelitish life as a man of letters," a vocation for which I felt little fitted. For a man of letters, he was of opinion in his then mood, "historical research or to guide the people onward from day to day"—through the press, of course—was the worthiest employment. Historical research was in my circumstances out of the question. When in regard to his other alternative I pleaded my ignorance of politics, he replied, "Politics are the grandest of all things," though it might be well for me to wait a little before meddling with them. These opinions of his on politics and the press he modified profoundly in the course of not many years. He offered, as what he could do best for me, to introduce me—and introduce me he did—to two friends of his, both of them connected with the newspaper press, John Forster and John Robertson.

Forster was then one of the busiest of London journalists, and Carlyle's influence was needed to procure for an obscure aspirant easy access to him. To begin with, he had only recently entered on the editorship of the *Daily News*, at that time a very troublesome post. Charles Dickens having had some differences with his old allies of the *Morning Chronicle*, projected a new daily paper, which was to be more thorough-going than the Whig *Chronicle*, and to combine a strenuous support of Corn Law Repeal with philanthropy of the familiar Dickens kind. The result was the issue of the *Daily News*, with Dickens for its editor-in-chief. He was soon disgusted with the uncongenial and embarrassing task, for the performance of which few men of his miscellaneous literary experience were more unfitted. In a very few weeks he threw up the editorship, rather abruptly, but not before he had induced his faithful and loyal friend Forster to become his reluctant successor. Forster did not retain the post many months, but while fulfilling its duties with his usual energy, he continued his work on the *Examiner*, of which he had been for many years the literary and dramatic critic, and which partly through him, but still more through the pungent political articles of its proprietor and editor-in-chief, Albany Fonblanque, had, after a period of decadence, regained the old position won for it by Leigh Hunt and his coadjutors. In his own department Forster had brought things so far

that praise of a new book or a new play in the *Examiner* was a feather in the cap of an ordinary author or dramatist. At this time he had not become the biographer of Goldsmith, and his only noticeable book was his 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' (produced, I was told at Chelsea, "in eight months"), contributed to Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, and followed in the same series by his life of Oliver Cromwell, of which more hereafter. It was as a critic that he had become the friend of some of the most prominent men of letters of his time, especially of Bulwer and Dickens. His intimacy with and somewhat exuberant loyalty to Bulwer drew down on him the ire of Lady Bulwer after her separation from her husband. When reviling Bulwer in her once-famous novel, 'Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour' (which Carlyle owned to having read through at a sitting), she introduced his two journalistic intimates, Fonblanque and Forster, as Fonnoir and Fuzboz, hence the nickname of "Fuz" by which Forster is designated by Carlyle in many of his letters to his wife. Of Lady Bulwer's two portraits, Forster's is far the most unflattering. "Mr. Fonnoir, editor of *The Investigator*," is admitted to be with all his faults "about the most agreeable man in England," but not a single good word is vouchsafed to poor Fuzboz. He is represented as "a very ugly and noseless likeness of a great tragedian whom he tried to imitate . . . even to his handwriting . . . a sort of lick-dust to Mr. Fonnoir and to Mr. Anybody and everybody else to whom he could gain access." There was a grain of truth in this decidedly spiteful caricature. Forster was a little of a tuft-hunter, and in view of the exuberant praise which he showered on any and every of Bulwer's performances, Carlyle, even when he came at last to have a very friendly feeling towards him, admitted that there was in Forster "a certain laxity of mind." It is also true that he imitated in every-day life the stage-mannerism of Macready, Lady Bulwer's "great tragedian," of whom he was the intimate friend. I remember being in this way rather overpowered at my first interview with him. I had called on him by appointment, and he had kept me a few minutes waiting. Then he strode into the room, and striking an attitude, exclaimed in a tragic tone: "It is with infinite regret that I have caused you this delay. Believe me," and here he placed his hand upon his heart, "I feel it sensibly." He had as famulus and factotum a youth well known to all of Forster's friends as Henry, who amused them sometimes by a trick of identifying himself with his master. On another occasion Forster had made an appointment with me at one of the residences of his bachelor days, those chambers in 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he gave many a pleasant little dinner party, and where Dickens was wont to read to select audiences, which occasionally included Carlyle, his Christmas stories before their publication. Something came in the way, and he wrote, to put me off, a note which I did not receive in time. Punctually, therefore, at the appointed hour I knocked at his door. Henry opened it, and having surveyed me with an air of dignified surprise, said in a tone slightly reproachful: "*We* wrote to you this morning"! Forster's foibles were a source of occasional merriment to his friends. His resolute and rather despotic disposition procured for him, however, a good deal of outward respect, especially as he could be, in and out of the *Examiner*, very useful and helpful to all whom he liked. It was credibly reported of Dickens that Forster was the only man of whom he stood a little in awe. On the whole, Forster's good qualities far outshone his faults. He was an honourable as well as an able man, diligent and painstaking in business, and his friendship, when once won, was remarkably steadfast.

At first, Carlyle did not like Forster, who, however, gained on him, he told me, by the exhibition of a resolute desire to "improve himself." Anything like intimacy began, I think, with Carlyle's efforts to establish the London Library, when he found Forster's energetic aid most valuable. It was by Forster that he was introduced to the firm which for half a century until his death published all his books, and the head of which at one time was the "hard-fisted bibliopole" of the Reminiscences, converted by an amusing blunder of Mr. Froude's into a "hard-fisted bibliophile," a distinction with a difference. Up to the time of which I am writing, Carlyle had contributed only one article to the *Examiner*; of his subsequent contributions to it more in a future chapter. He did not include it in any edition of his works, and it has escaped the notice not only of his biographers, but what is more remarkable, of his bibliographers. It was a pleasant little review of a German translation of selected poems of Burns, from which, not then such a Prussophile as he became, Carlyle noted the absence of any version of "A man's a man for a' that," as a lay the sentiment of which would not be acceptable to certain persons in the Berlin of those days. He contributed, however, to the revived *Foreign Quarterly*, which was edited for a year or two by Forster—very ably, Carlyle thought—his striking article on Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, a country the history of which, after Francia's death, proved how a despotism possibly beneficent may become one positively maleficent. But the strongest of the literary ties that united them was their common interest in the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, and the events that immediately preceded and succeeded it. Forster had finished his life of Cromwell when Carlyle was beginning his seventeenth century studies, and their unpublished correspondence is full of applications made at one time by Carlyle for the loan of books on the period, and of queries to be answered by Forster. In regard to Cromwell's later career there was then a vital difference between them, Forster, as a decided Liberal, denouncing Cromwell's *coup d'état*, the expulsion of the Long Parliament, and the subsequent establishment of the Protectorate, as a reprehensible destruction of a free Commonwealth and a pernicious usurpation of supreme authority; while, as all the world knows, Carlyle bestowed the heartiest approval on Cromwell's conduct throughout. In time, Forster avowed his conversion to Carlyle's view, who was not a little pleased by it. But long before there had grown up the friendliest social intimacy between Forster and the Carlyles, from whose correspondence the somewhat contemptuous designation "Fuz" disappears after a time. Forster was a frequent visitor of the Carlyles, and they were frequent guests of his at Lincoln's Inn Fields, always the more willingly on Carlyle's part when he was to meet Dickens, for whom in his notes to Forster he professed a genuine affection, though in conversation he was given to talk contemptuously of "Dickens and his squad." One short break in their friendship will be men-

tioned in a future chapter, but it may be said, I think, that of all his London literary contemporaries, Carlyle grew to like Forster most, after beginning by liking him not at all. Φ

J. K. STEPHEN.

I FIRST heard of the existence of J. K. Stephen in the year 1868, when he was nine years old, and his father asked me if I would receive him as a pupil at Eton. His father intimated to me that he was a boy of considerable ability. He was at that time, or became shortly afterwards, a pupil of my brother at Thorpe Mandeville, a school in which many distinguished scholars were trained. When Stephen entered Eton three years later, having gained a scholarship on the foundation, he was big for his age, with a clumsy face and form, which did not give promise of his striking features at a later period. From the first he was beloved and admired by his contemporaries, and was regarded as a genius from the sense of power which he diffused, although his actual performances did not come up to the level of his friends' expectations. I have no special recollection of his work in pupil-rooms, except that it was apt to be both untidy and irregular. He formed part of a "division" of remarkable ability, quite the most striking which ever came under my notice during my connection with the school. The head of it was H. C. Goodhart, now Professor of Latin at the University of Edinburgh. Other members of it who have made their mark are George Curzon, now Under-Secretary for India, and Cecil Spring Rice, who has attained distinction as a diplomatist. Stephen and Curzon were not thought very much of in the school at large in those days, probably because their competitors did better Latin verses, and I was much laughed at when I predicted their future eminence. A knot of brilliant boys seldom passes through a public school without leaving its mark behind it in the shape of a school magazine. This, in their case, was the 'Etonian,' the first number of which appeared on May 19th, 1875, and the last on August 2nd, 1876. The most brilliant contributor to this periodical, both in prose and verse, was undoubtedly Cecil Spring Rice, but a good many of Stephen's productions found their way into the first edition of 'Lapsus Calami.' Only one, I think, an account of a debate about Pompeii in the Literary Society, is attributed to that periodical in the first edition of that book. The others are referred to 'Out of School at Eton,' a little volume edited by Mr. George Curzon, which consisted principally of extracts from the 'Etonian.' But "The Philosopher and the Philanthropist" appeared in the 'Etonian' for February 4th, 1876. "Lines at the River-side" were published in the same paper on May 19th, 1876, and are signed J. K. S. "Early School" saw the light on June 6th, 1876, and the same number contains "The Critic's Speech," also signed J. K. S. The lines, "Written at 'Private'" (my "private," I fear), were also first published in the 'Etonian,' and were a satire on my well-intended attempt to get the upper boys among my pupils to understand the literary merits of Cæsar's Gallic war. I find in the 'Etonian' for October 7th, 1875, some "Lines to the Statue in School Yard," which are signed J. K., and may be Stephen's first effort in this line. They are not very good, and we had better imitate the author's reticence in not republishing them.

Stephen came up to King's in October, 1878. He obtained an Eton Classical Scholarship at entrance, but at the wish of his father gave up classics, and applied himself to the study of history. His reputation in the college was much the same as it had been at Eton, and his influence upon it was very marked. King's was at this time only gradually emerging from the condition of being almost entirely Etonian, drawn too not from the whole resources of that famous school, but only from the narrow limits of the collegers. Even the more ambitious collegers thought that they would obtain a better education by mingling with the larger life of Trinity or Balliol, and regarded King's as little more than the continuance of their school career spent among their old companions. In his three years of residence Stephen did much to change this. He established a very high intellectual tone in the place, which has been well maintained since his time. Since the year of his degree no one could say with truth that an Etonian would gain intellectual advantage by going elsewhere than to King's. Stephen gained a first class in the Historical Tripos, very much, it is said, from the excellence of his English essay. He dropped into the second class in the Law Tripos, a comparative failure which was attributed to his not having pursued with sufficient diligence the accredited paths of University instruction. Stephen spoke a good deal at the Union, of which he was President in 1882. He mixed freely with all kinds of society, and would probably have been voted by the undergraduates during at least two years of his course as the most brilliant man of his generation. He probably did not write much. The two "Combi" songs in the first edition of 'Lapsus Calami' were written for convivial meetings called by that name, which correspond to the German Kneipe. The second song, "The Littlego," is well known in the University and town, and is always a popular call at "Smokers."

After taking his degree in 1882, Stephen went immediately to London. He had spent some portion of his preparation for the Law Tripos in Germany, traces of which are to be found in his poems. The Bar was naturally marked out for him as a career, both by his family connections and his personal aptitude, and a brilliant future was predicted for him. Of his career in London I know but little. He paid frequent visits to Cambridge, where he enjoyed a very various society. He wrote dissertations for his Fellowship, first on Political Science and then on International Law. He was elected eventually, quite as much on his reputation for general ability as upon any special performance. There were whispers of his succeeding Sir William Vernon Harcourt in the chair of International Law, but they were not verified. It came upon us as a surprise that he had accepted a well-paid legal appointment, which implied that he would give up regular work at the Bar, and it also came upon us as a surprise that he published the 'Reflector.' This was indeed a most audacious enterprise. Stephen was not only the editor, but the principal writer, especially at first. Sixteen numbers lie before me (are they all which appeared?), the last ten with green covers, the first six without. The idea was not a bad one. That a refined, gentlemanlike periodical should reach country breakfast-

tables on Sunday morning, and afford amusement and conversation for the day, was a novel notion, and might have money in it. I would venture to predict that when the 'Reflectors' are re-read in the light of J. K. S.'s after-fame, they will be found to be remarkably good. Still, they did not "take," a great deal of money was lost over them, and they ended as abruptly as they had begun. Some of those who watched Stephen with the tenderest love seemed to see in this enterprise the first signs of want of balance in a powerful intellect. This has often been attributed to the accident of a blow on the head, received whilst staying with a friend.

We must now hurry to a close. Undoubtedly the most brilliant year of Stephen's life was his last. He wrote to me on his birthday in February, 1891, saying that he was thirty-two on that day, and "that nothing had been done for immortality." How little he foresaw that in a year he would be dead, and that his career would be noticed in glowing terms by nearly every important newspaper in England. He arrived for his final sojourn in Cambridge in November, 1890, much excited by events which had just occurred in London. He became at once the darling and the wonder of the undergraduates. Eccentric as he was in his dress, and in some of his habits, his eloquence was never more powerful, his judgment in the affairs of others never more sound. He was equally popular in town and University, with men and women. No one knew whether to admire or to love him most. His literary career, strictly speaking, was little more than six months. The preface of 'Lapsus Calami' is dated the ides of March, and the final cloud settled down upon him before the middle of November. In the summer he became quite well, and on returning to Cambridge in October I found him looking healthier and stronger than I had ever seen him. He was full of energy and hope. He had written to me on September 24th: "Blessed is the man who writes a letter unprovoked, and therefore blessed are you, and moreover blessed am I, for I do it very often, and should most certainly have written to you if I'd known your address, which always makes a difference, and often turns the scale against writing, though there is no sufficient reason why it should. Your letters are blessed beyond those of other men, both because of the affection I bear you, and because I like to be reminded that there is one man besides J. H. who writes more than myself. . . . . I've written much verse. *Lapsus Calami Ultimi*, or *Quo musa tendis?* will appear shortly, not by J. K. S., but by J. K. Stephen. Also a Swift-like satire by the same writer, 6,000 lines long, called *W. E. G., or Genius and Nemesis*. I've not forgotten work, for I've read all Carlyle's Frederick and Tuttle's Frederick the Great, and am now at work on Droysen, all with a view to my lectures on Frederick next term, which I hope will be good. Altogether I've enjoyed my holidays very much, and look forward keenly to next term." These feelings of anticipation were still more powerfully expressed in his exquisite poem, "The Dawn of the Year," perhaps the most touching he ever wrote. After a few weeks it became evident that he was working too hard. His face assumed a look of depression. I noticed that one evening in Hall he sat absolutely silent while all around him were talking; generally he was the most animated of the group. He became still more dull, and attributed it to a cold. At last he confined himself to his rooms in Trinity Street, where he sat day after day, scarcely speaking, reading, or indeed eating. A cloud gradually settled over him. He left Cambridge on November 21st. The reports of his health were favourable, and we all hoped for his return. Towards the end of January, however, he became gradually weaker. His death was sudden, from unexpected failure of the action of the heart; in his last hours he knew that he was surrounded by those who were most dear to him. He was buried at Kensal Green on Saturday, February 6th. A small band of faithful Cambridge friends came from many quarters to bid their last farewell to one of the best and most gifted spirits whom they had ever known.

OSCAR BROWNING.

THE MODERN PAN.

IT was a curious sight which met the tourist's eye as he skirted a gigantic boulder, and came full upon the majesty of the glen. Cockney as he was, the beauty of the spot might have absorbed his soul in speechless contentment, but for a figure which at once arrested his attention. The stranger was a fisherman, though his interest in the sport seemed to be somewhat languid, for, having thrown his fly without success, he dropped the rod, and turned with evident relief to a small volume, which had a much more companionable air than his angling tackle. He was tall and rather lank, with iron-grey hair, which made a picturesquely spiritual setting to the dark eyes, now fixed with inquiring gaze on the newcomer.

"Not an angler, sir, I presume," he said, with a courteous gesture. "Nor a bookman, I am afraid, or else you would scarcely visit a Scotch glen without a complete set of the Waverley novels."

"Rather a heavy burden for a morning stroll," responded the other, with a smile.

"Not at all, sir. At this moment there is a gillie—I should say a caddie—within easy hail, who follows me with a whole library of Scott—I mean Sir Walter. It grieves me to see a visitor wholly unfurnished with the only equipment which can make him sensible of our natural beauties and historic associations. I have read 'Marmion in the course of this very morning, and if you will allow me to suggest that 'St. Ronan's Well,' with some modest notes of my own, which may show that the merits of that work have not received the meed which is their due——"

"Pardon me," said the tourist. "But I should have thought that a complete angler would scarcely find the time for this devotion to literature. Or is it possible that while you declaim 'Marmion,' the listening trout suspend their gambols to pay homage to your enthusiasm?"

"Your pleasantry, sir, is not misplaced. But I will make a confession to you. Instead of the complete angler, behold the complete duffer. I do not angle for trout," he went on, with manifest enjoyment, "but for material which will make agreeable essays on the pastime. I have persuaded many that I take it quite seriously by maintaining that the trout has a natural relish for the hook, and that by some process of evolution he has been endowed with a horny mouth insensible to pain, and a digestion superior to that of the ostrich. For fish as anecdotes I have the keenest appreciation. The whale which swallowed Jonah, the excellent herrings in the 'Arabian Nights' which objected to be fried because they were human beings in disguise, the lampreys which were too much for Henry II.—these are never amiss in a 'lost leader' or an address to the Folk Lore Society."

"Perhaps you were refreshing your memory of Izaak Walton when I disturbed you," said the tourist, glancing at the volume in the stranger's hand.

"Excellent Izaak! No, it is Theocritus, a humble translation which I made in odd moments between a book on comparative mythology and a treatise on the philosophy of broomsticks. Do you read the Syracusan poet? He is full of sweet savours. I know nothing so redolent of nature as those shepherd songs of Sicily, save Burns, who is supreme when he does not sing in English. I have just been turning a preliminary stanza for 'Scots wha hae,' and I am seriously meditating a complete translation of my works into the purest Gaelic."

"But what may be the philosophy of broomsticks?"

"Ah! the allusion escapes you. Don't you remember when Stella was told that the Dean had written beautiful verses to Vanessa, she retorted in her pleasantly feminine way that Swift had written beautifully on a broomstick? I take that implement of household industry as a symbol of my craft in letters. I will write you a ballade, an essay, an epigram, or what you will, on a broomstick, and then bestriding it like a witch of the Brocken, I will skip from classic lore to the art of lunching. There is some excellent whisky, by the way, and a sandwich or two at your service."

"There is only one grace lacking to this hospitality," said the tourist, as he seated himself beside a well-filled haversack. "A touch of your minstrelsy now would be a perfect relish to the meal."

"And to that, sir, you are as heartily welcome as to the rest," replied the stranger, with alacrity. He drew from his pocket an instrument in which his companion recognised the pan-pipes, and after a lively flourish, he sang the following ballad—

I hold quite a classical court,
  I'm great on the study of Greek,
And yet on a fashion or sport
  I'll gaily descant for a week.
Believe me, no log-rolling clique
  Has ever exalted my horn,
Nor rival asserted in pique
  I touch what I do not adorn.

From Homer to Haggard I roam,
  Cementing incongruous spheres.
You'll find me serenely at home
  In golf or in quaint Elzevirs.
I compliment Dickens on Squeers—
  His mirth was a sickle in corn—
But when he would move us to tears,
  He touched what he did not adorn.

I think the illustrious dead
  Are truly enchanted to see,
My manners so perfectly bred
  That Thackeray's "Mister" to me.
And so when my weird I must dree,
  And pass from life's radiant morn,
The voice of the Shades will not be:
  "He touched what he did not adorn."

Envoy.

Old friends, as you list to my lay,
  Your brows are not arching with scorn,
For none who has known me can say
  I touch what I do not adorn.

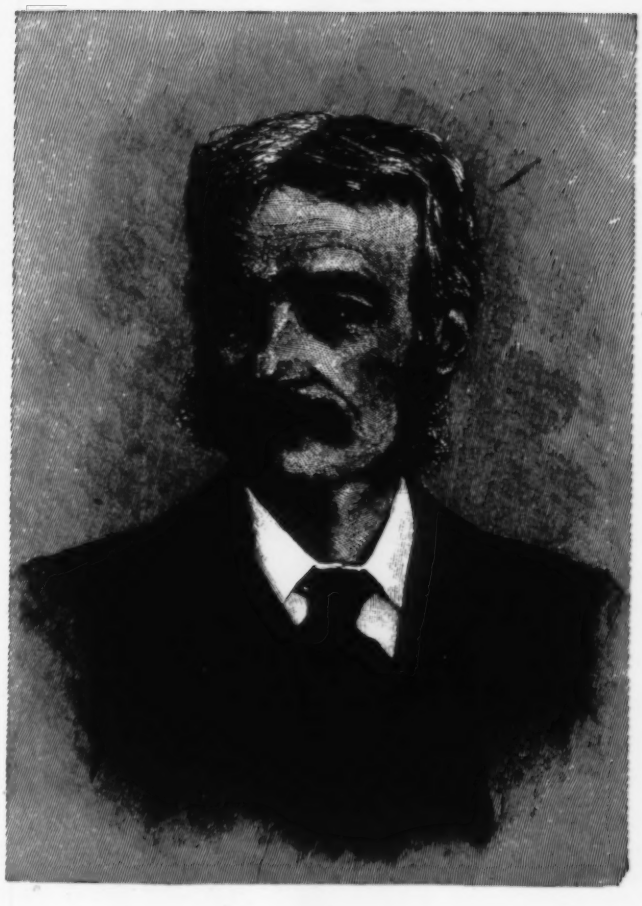
"Have you heard these pipes before?" asked the singer abruptly, when the song was done.

"Something like them, I fancy," said the tourist, "at a street corner, as the orchestra of the oldest legitimate drama."

"Ah, your players who strut and fret their little hour possess no interest for me. But I sometimes pipe to an audience who are worthy of the strain."

Then woke the echoes of the glen to the strangest fantasia which could pierce the ear of man. It seemed to the listener that the wildest skirl of the bagpipes that ever fired the blood of the warlike clans was as the dulcet tinkling of a mandolin to this barbaric carnival of sound.

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *March*, 1892.



Sincerely yours
A Lang.

In a few moments there appeared on the other side of the stream a singular procession. First came an old man, dressed like a mendicant, hobbling along with two handsomely bound volumes under his arm.

"Homer," said the stranger, breathlessly, "with my translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey—presentation copies. I went to some expense in the binding."

Then followed a troop of gracious figures, in which the spectator recognised with awe the familiar lineaments of Greek and Trojan heroes. But amongst them to his great surprise appeared an imposing form dressed in the costume of a British sportsman in Africa.

"Odysseus," explained the stranger. "Ever since Rider Haggard and I served up his adventures in the *New Review*, he has insisted on dressing like that. It causes ill-feeling in the family, and Penelope talks of a divorce."

Suddenly there bounded into the group the naked figure of a gigantic Zulu, who seemed to be inviting both Greeks and Trojans to instant combat, which they refused with disdain.

"It is Umslopogaas," murmured the piper in a tone of regret. "When he heard of the blood-letting at the siege of Troy, he boasted that he had made more corpses than all the warriors in Homer; and now, as you perceive, he wants to collaborate with the bard. It would be a pretty sight, but the ancients think it beneath their dignity."

At this moment there burst upon the scene a youthful and riotous crew, brandishing tobacco-pipes and other symbols of the modern spirit. They formed a ring round Umslopogaas, and danced a wild measure, with shouts of laughter, while the Zulu stood with a surprised and injured air, which moved the band to fresh merriment. With a flush of anger the stranger threw down the pan-pipes, and the whole company vanished.

"What a remarkable illusion!" exclaimed the tourist, rubbing his eyes. "Why has it gone just at the most interesting point?"

"They are incorrigible!" said the stranger, who was pacing up and down. "They are the destroyers of illusions! I have made my peace with them—I have been an Idler in their haunts. And yet they break upon my most sacred moments and my most cherished ideals—they even laugh to scorn the paladin of African chivalry!"

"Who are these iconoclasts?"

"Sir," replied the other, with infinite pathos, "they are the New Humorists!" L. F. AUSTIN.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS.

ONCE upon a time when Queen Elizabeth was taking leave of the Primate at Lambeth Stairs she turned to Mrs. Parker, and thus addressed her: "As for you—Madam I will not—Mistress I may not call you—in faith I know not what to call you, but I thank you for your good cheer!" Equally embarrassed and embarrassing is my attitude towards A. K. H. B. Our editor, a man of "gilded steel," will not permit me to jest as I fain would, not so much at the twenty-nine volumes of Recreative Literature as at those who take pleasure therein. I obey. *Cedat penna ferulæ;* but all the same I am not directed to call, nor will I call, A. K. H. B. a writer great or wise or witty, so will only thank him for the good cheer afforded in this last eccentric but amusing volume. And as the Queen on her way home to Greenwich had, no doubt, something to say to her ladies in praise or criticism of his Grace's stewed lampreys and larded capons, so I may venture to dwell on a few of the tit-bits and relishes of this strangely profuse, queerly cooked, yet vastly toothsome supper.

A rambling, gossiping book, it has nevertheless one potent charm—that of a vivid personality. The author—the author's very self—speaks and smiles from every page. And, moreover, this personality is one which grows every year more precious as it becomes rarer—a Character. His main views are sound and sober, and he is candour itself. His way of looking at things is often so odd, his expressions so queer, his self-satisfaction so rotund, his little artifices so transparent, and above all his good humour so contagious, that his very absurdities do but attract. Following his oddest flights, one seems rather to laugh with him than at him. Prone as he is to hero-worship—his heroes are mostly prelates, deans, and famous preachers—his notes of admiration sometimes resemble notes of interrogation. By a shrewd little caveat of his own he frequently asserts the right of private judgment against the popular estimates he has been endorsing. These sly little flashes of Scotch canniness are the gems of the book, not exactly brilliants, but at any rate cairngorms of finest colour and steadiest lustre. A Scotch vein he has, no doubt, but it is only a vein. Minister of St. Andrews and a sturdy pillar of the Kirk, he would be equally at home in one of our cathedral closes. But somehow to my mind many of his traits—his pleasant garrulity, his priestly benignity, his anxiety that others should share his antiquarian joys (for he would much rather you should disparage him than his darling ruins), his benevolent and experienced tolerance, his genial hospitality, his little half-earnest jealousies and grievances—all these recall more than one old French bishop and canon whom I have known and delighted in. Yes, a thorough Character—one of the last left—is revealed in these pages. Nowadays far better books reveal nobody at all; they might be written by an unerring literary machine.

A. K. H. B. tries to sketch the social history of St. Andrews apart from his own personal biography, which, however, forms the main staple of his story. And not unnaturally; for to him the city's antiquities are so dear, its social life so absorbing, and his anxiety so keen that distinguished visitors should see the best side of both, that he has become a sort of Genius Loci. The ruined Cathedral, the tower of St. Regulus, his own vast (but, alas! yet unrestored) church, the Links, the old streets, the sea-views—how he revels in them all! And then the summer visitors! for St. Andrews seems to have some magnetic attraction for literary and clerical tourists, who kindly reward their guide's kindness by dearly-prized encomiums upon the Ruins; these tributes he consigns to his Diary, and should the visitors be stupid and say the wrong thing, the recording angel is half inclined to blot the page.

Of them all Dean Stanley was his favourite—the "little great man," as he calls him—of whom we read a good deal of unconscious satire. Stanley here appears as a man of attractive address, talents and accomplishments, but with a curious moral twist in his nature; a shallow, restless little mind; an aristocratic vulgarian of the showman type; a

small asteroid, kept revolving in his orbit by the unseen influence of a watchful wife. "Once an awful incident occurred, to which not even his greatest friends ever ventured to allude in talking to him." He had the habit of thrusting his face close to that of his interlocutor. When thus addressing "a dear old lady," "the aged saint misunderstood the gesture and solemnly kissed him. Few have ever seen Stanley so frightened as he then was."

The author once joined a party to be conducted over the Abbey. It included "two singular-looking Dissenting ministers (English); Stanley had strange friends." Now A. K. H. B. is himself a rival cicerone, and will yield to no Dean even in his own show. "Such a party," he quaintly observes, "should be sifted. I have known a very grand, though ruined, Cathedral cast before swine," and, waxing bolder, "it was borne in upon one how like to one another are the smallest and greatest of guides: Stanley told his story in the selfsame words each time; and you may find much of it *verbatim* in his *Memorials*." Speaking of one MacGregor, "Stanley, in his most profound manner, said, 'Yes, he is a great orator. You can no more judge what he is in a pulpit from seeing him waddling about Westminster Abbey than you can judge of St. Paul from his Epistles.' I cannot say that to this day I have fully caught Stanley's meaning, but I have given his very words." And what more could a Boswell have done? Once, indeed, he ventured to satirize his Johnson in a lecture, and as he ended his really spirited and manly rebuke, he "gave the Dean a friendly poke," which the "dear man" seems to have taken in good part.

This amiable rivalry to the Sexton-Dean comes out again in a ghoulish scene when Archbishop Sharp's grave in A. K. H. B.'s church was opened. The author "sent over word to Principal Shairp, who claimed some kindred," to come and share the treat. Shairp went down into the grave. "In a little the Poet-Principal looked out with eyes gleaming with excitement; he was covered with red dust, and held in his hand the jaw-bone of the murdered prelate. With intense feeling he uttered these remarkable words: 'Wouldn't Stanley give his ears to be here?' Of course, we all knew the beloved Dean's interest in such a place, though surely he had tombs enough at Westminster." At Magus Muir—Mr. Froude somehow "did not seem to mind much about Magus Muir"—Stanley was asked to write a Latin inscription for the monument, but he "devised one which was equally complimentary to the murdered Archbishop and to the well-meaning though mistaken individuals who removed him;" so the Laird would have none of it. Here is another delicious bit of candour. When Prince Leopold came, somehow "the Provost and the Principal took him round the ruins" instead of A. K. H. B., who drily remarks, "I trust he was interested. He could hardly have been informed." Reverting to this old grievance, he copies a sentence from his Diary, observing, "It does not, I am thankful to say, apply to everybody. But it applies to some! The incredible tenacity with which some folk keep hold of the coat tails of a Prince is even exceeded by their mortal terror lest anybody else should get hold of those sacred coat tails!" But having thrown his drop of vitriol he breathes an indulgent sigh: "The weaknesses of humanity will cleave to human beings." So they will, and a very good thing too! especially when they are so charmingly, so transparently betrayed.

The year 1874 was signalised by a dire calamity, or rather crime. The sub-editor of 'Fraser' lost the MS. of an essay on *Looking into One's Diary*, which A. K. H. B. regarded with peculiar pride. "I made," he moans, "a vain effort to recall it, but not a word would come." This lost chord he is still vainly trying to recall, every now and then breaking forth into snatches of the Diary theme. But he was amply avenged. "Mr. Allingham," he testily adds, "was the solitary Editor who ever altered a word of mine. He was soon got rid of."

'Grace and Grins Abounding' would be no inapt title for the book, so replete is it with pious pleasantries. Its good stories, odd sayings and sly side-thrusts invite quotation, and I wish I had room for the rich penitent whom A. K. H. B. mournfully regrets having allowed to slip through his fingers without subscribing to the Restoration Fund, and the model of St. Augustine's Chair on the author's mantlepiece, which so painfully affected the "Prince Bishop" who had been politely cozened out of the Primacy. But apart from amusement there is much to be gathered from these rambling pages. One learns a good deal about the Universities, about the great preachers, and much of which Englishmen are culpably ignorant about the development of sounder and broader Churchmanship and genuine toleration in the Kirk, about the progress of more rational and seemly ritual and psalmody, and more systematic theology—movements in which the author has played a foremost and a prudent part.

Mistress Geddes' stool is no longer the Kaaba of the Kirk, and no murmur arose when Stanley prefaced his sermon—as he always insisted on doing in Scotland—with the very collect, "Lord of all power and might," which she mistook for part of the Popish mass. The religious life of the two countries has been too long dissevered and isolated, and such diverse friendships and widely ramified relations as the author has built up with the leading spirits of different churches on both sides the Tweed must tend to a better mutual understanding and a more generous appreciation. To this same wide sympathy Alexander Carlyle, in our grandfathers' time, owed his commanding influence both upon the Kirk and the English Government, and to his traditions may be indirectly traced the movements with which the Minister of St. Andrews is identified. A. K. H. B. is intolerant of intolerance alone, and those who cannot share his views can hardly deny that they are held with intense conviction and expressed with perfect candour and fairness.

But I am forgetting the visit of Mr. Tupper, to whose absurdities A. K. H. B. was keenly alive, though he indulgently remarks, "When the wind is not tempered to the lamb, I have remarked that the lamb has sometimes a pretty thick fleece of self-satisfaction." To this, may be, the poet mentally framed a "tu quoque," and probably in less clumsy diction. "He burst into rhyme as he bade me farewell in South Street that cold dark night. His words assumed this form, 'God bless thee—A. K. H. B.—says M. F. T.'" Let us complete the quatrain by, "and so say we," and breathe the wish that if ever the Kirk restore Prelacy and the ruined Cathedral, A. K. H. B. may be the first Dean. Y. Y.

BERNHARD TEN BRINK.

THE crowded obituaries of the last few weeks have left us little leisure to weigh our losses; and it is probable that most Englishmen who read, in the early days of February, that Bernhard ten Brink, professor of English philology at Strassburg, had suddenly died, understood the news to import the death of a Strassburg professor, no less and no more. To the world of scholars, however, it meant the loss of an illustrious colleague, confessedly supreme in his own department; to many it meant, in addition, the loss of the master and the friend.

Born, in 1841, at Amsterdam, ten Brink was the pupil, at Bonn, of Diez, the founder of Romance philology, and of Delius, who has some claim to have founded the exact study of Shakspere. After taking his degree he was appointed an assistant professor at Marburg, where he won his spurs, in 1870, with the volume of 'Chaucer Studies,' which, though announcing itself as but a first instalment, sufficed to lift Chaucerian investigation at once into a higher plane, and, in particular, gave that fruitful stimulus to the vague, dilettante enthusiasm of England which led to the foundation of the Chaucer Society. It already exhibited that combination of artistic insight and philological method, of delicate taste and accomplished science, of instinctive appreciation for *nuances* of style and trained skill in diversities of usage, without which the study of our older poetry is—*pace* Mr. Collins—as barren as the study of a garden full of strange flowers by a man who has not both botanical knowledge and a delicate sense of smell. And it strikingly illustrated the triumphs which Chaucer, the playful disguiser of his obligations and parader of the books he did not use, has prepared for a critic sufficiently well read in Italian and Latin poetry to appreciate this Chaucerian irony to its full extent, and to open up the by-paths thus artfully concealed. These 'Studies' gave, among other things, the first adequate view of Chaucer's relation to "the wise poet Dante," whom he mentions, indeed, but in a way that suggests no suspicion of his audacious parody, in the "comedy" of the 'House of Fame,' of the wise poet's work.

In 1872 ten Brink was called to the chair of English at the newly-organised University of Strassburg. It was the policy of the victor to dazzle as well as to overawe; and sullen Alsace was wooed with magnificent railway-stations and palatial lecture-rooms in which all the frugal traditions of Prussian government were thrown to the winds. The choice of ten Brink was peculiarly felicitous. His Dutch birth, his profound French and Italian and classical studies, his training in German methods, gave him an air of cosmopolitanism not very common in the German professoriate; like his distinguished colleague, the Austrian Scherer, he stood at the gates of France and Germany, not as an outpost of militant Teutonism, but rather as a sympathetic intermediary between two great civilisations. For all that, however, his ultimate intellectual affinities were Teutonic; the inner make of his genius told that hardly less plainly than his burly, massive frame. And the work to which his mature powers were mainly devoted, and by which he is in England almost exclusively known, the 'History of English Literature,' was possible only to one whose mental nature in some sense resembled that literature—French, Latin, cosmopolitan in texture, Germanic at the core.

The first volume of the 'History,' published in 1875, and carrying the narrative down to Langland, was at once recognised as a masterpiece. The field was virtually unoccupied, for Professor H. Morley's 'English Writers,' though far bulkier, and containing admirable studies of particular books, was not to be compared with it as a luminous survey of the entire scope of our early literature; while Taine's brilliant pictures, which, even for the modern period, tell us but half—though it be the more stimulating half—of truth, become for the Anglo-Saxon period little better than a grotesque parody. In ten Brink's 'History' this period was for the first time set forth with the precision of a scholar and the *verve* of an appreciative critic; 'Beowulf' and 'Cynewulf,' 'Exodus' and 'Judith' were handled with complete mastery of critical weapons, and at the same time with a zest for the exuberant energy of this old poetry which made his chance quotations in the lecture-room thrill his hearers, as if, in the words of one of them, "he had been an Old English bard himself."

The 'History' remains a fragment. The first half of the second volume appeared only in 1889, and the second half, though, it would seem, for the most part written, and long since announced, is still wanting. The former completes his long-promised discussion of Chaucer, and is beyond question the best existing account of his work. But how were the intervening years occupied? The question is not altogether irrelevant; for complaints latterly grew loud in Germany that, having securely annexed the history of English literature as his own preserve, and so warned off the crowd of ambitious young scholars who would gladly have gathered a harvest in it, he had calmly turned away to labour elsewhere. These other labours have, however, all a high value, and one of them, the masterly treatise on Chaucer's language and metric (1883), was even more imperatively needed than the 'History' itself. It is a practically exhaustive account of the sounds and the inflexions of Chaucer's speech, exhibiting with minute precision its relation to Old English and Old French. The other two belong to these latter domains. The earlier, 'Vowel Quantity and Quality' (Dauer und Klang), 1879, is a concise but penetrating demonstration of the effect of quantity in Old French on the development of a certain class of vowels. The later, 'Studies in Beowulf,' 1888, is an ingenious and acute theory of the composition of the Old English epic, which has no doubt provoked more admiration than assent. It contains, in any case, a number of felicitous remarks in detail, and ought not to be, as it is, almost unknown among us, even in the chief haunts of English scholarship.

But all this fruitful energy has been cut short by a miserable accident—some kitchen-maid's neglect, we suppose, to scour a copper cooking-vessel—and those who care to moralise on the trivialities on which great issues often hang have an apt instance ready to their hands. Happily, the harvest already gathered is not quite the whole. The treatise on Old English literature for Paul's *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie* will doubtless explain and justify much which, in the *Literaturgeschichte*, designed for a larger public, is simply asserted; and, in particular, it will expound his views on Old English metric, the divergency of which from the prevailing theory of Sievers originally prevented his participation in the *Grundriss*. Ten Brink was in this

matter a heretic, but he was a heretic entitled to an attentive hearing in a full court, and his pleading, whether or not it convinces, is certain to instruct.

Ten Brink was not sanguine of the prospects of English studies either in his own country or in ours. Those whom he honoured with his correspondence know what hard things he could say of what is mechanical in German method, and of what is amateurish in English want of method. But his scorn was the high and generous scorn of the scholar, and went along with, or rather was but the inverted aspect of, the most helpful sympathy for every student in whom he saw the germ of scientific conscience and insight. He embodied, as but one or two of those left behind him in the same field embody, the best traditions of German scholarship; his fruitful combination of Germanic and Romance learning was absolutely unique, and his whole personality was a vital protest, not against specialism, but against the specialism which degenerates into a handicraft, and forgets how to see thoroughly and to see whole.

G. H. HERFORD.

THE NET SYSTEM.

We have received the following additional letters on this subject:—

We approve of the net system because it is at once the only rational method of pricing books, and will prove the only means of killing the practice of "cutting." So long as any discount is allowed or allowable to the public some booksellers will be found grasping enough to increase that discount so as to obtain more than a fair share of trade.

Reasonable customers with us never object to the explanation that a 3s. 6d. net book is but a 4s. 6d. book marked at once at its final price; no customer worth considering as a book-buyer supposes he is being cheated or made to pay more for his purchase than he would were it sold under the discount system.

One thing, however, is certain, it must be a point of honour with the publishers of a net book to decline supplying it to anyone (be they "stores" or anyone else) who is known to sell it at a discount price, otherwise there is no protection for those who deal honourably and sell it net. The usual remark as to buying in the cheapest market is easily met by the rejoinder, "provided that market is an honest one"; for we contend that it is *not* an honest market where a book advertised as *net* is sold at a discount price.

Another reform urgently called for is for all publishers to call in all books of which they publish new editions at reduced prices; this would give the bookseller greater confidence in buying. Some firms, of course, already do this, but we must look to all following their example. The bookseller would not then be in the predicament of finding costly books on his shelves, which he (equally perhaps with the publisher) has been unable to sell, offered in the remainder catalogues at a nominal price. When the loss is thus thrown on the bookseller at the publisher's initiative, the latter should most certainly bear the loss he has thus created.

A main advantage to the bookseller from the net system is that he is not compelled to keep such large stocks of expensive or other books, the risk is more fairly divided between the producer and the distributor, as the latter can buy a single copy as cheaply as a larger quantity, and thus be in a better position to gauge the demand by the consumer. Under the present system he is very often compelled to buy in large quantities if he desires to buy at all remuneratively, and yet may find that from fickleness on the part of the public he is doomed to a large loss, the book not taking as it appeared likely to do.

The net system also offers no temptation to the man of large capital to buy largely at big discounts and low prices, thus inevitably leading to "cutting" and the certain degrading of the trade to a mere money-making medium, quite preventing any return to the old style of a bookseller's shop being looked upon as a sort of literary centre.

On these counts we wish all success to the net system.

Cheapside. JONES AND EVANS.

I beg to say that, on the whole, I do not like the net system. I think, however, it might be advantageously employed for all *editions de luxe*, medical books, law books, and Government publications. WILLIAM GLAISHER.

High Holborn.

Your correspondence on this subject, in the February BOOKMAN, gives reason to hope that the discount system will be, sooner or later, if not abandoned, considerably modified in favour of a wholesomer practice. The thing is fair to nobody, and it is a matter of unexpected rejoicing to find so many well-established booksellers desirous of returning to the net system, and, besides, able to give rational grounds for their opinion. If there is one firm among your February correspondents that does "not approve of the net system," it must be remembered that there are several busy houses which are the direct product of the discount system; a system without which they would never have come into existence.

Nevertheless, if the reform is to be carried out, there must be a better understanding on the part of publishers respecting their public of the future. Good books are, even now, far too expensive, and the price has gone up beyond reason. I do not share the opinions of Messrs. Denny and Mr. Burleigh, who appear to think that technical books should be high-priced. I doubt if Mr. Crosby Lockwood has been otherwise than very successful with his popular prices; and it is not probable that he would either gain or lose very much by a change of system in the retail trade. With respect to biographies, books of travel, reprinted essays, etc., it appears to me that the main chance is looked for in the direction of the circulating library; that a sort of Mudie librometer is used, by which most modern literature is judged worthy, or not worthy, of public favour. This ought not to be. The French publishers can flourish on their frs. 3.50 and frs. 7 per volume, and there is no reason why English publishers should not do the same. Publishers tell me that translations do not pay as a rule. Of course not. A three or four franc volume transmogrified into a sixteen shilling book is not likely to pay anyone but the printer. We have seen, all of us, many very valuable books of biography and history appear in London with considerable *éclat* and ostentation of review, only to sink for ever out of sight because of the ridiculous and prohibitory price. And we, all of us, could point to distinguished London firms whose books, some of them of the very highest value, are not purchased in any quantity until they reach the rank of "remainders."

There is too much timidity on this question. There are several publishers who, besides Messrs. Macmillan, have it in their power to aid a speedy reform. As a rule, they have not poverty to plead. The book-buyer is, after all, their best friend; the retail bookseller their second best. The interests of both will be secured by the adoption of fair prices, and fair *inalienable* profits. E. G.

Walthamstow.

I would respectfully suggest that a conference of the London and provincial booksellers should be held in town in some slack month of the season, to enable them to discuss this and many other matters that seem at present to disturb the minds of so many of our trade.

Woolwich. W. J. SQUIRES.

Our experience of the net system so far is that we consider we have sold as many of the books published under it as we should have done had they been issued on the usual terms. We think it might be extended to medical, law, scientific and mechanical works with advantage, but to be of any benefit to the trade, it must be adopted more generally by the leading publishers. We consider the sale of Ruskin's books a great argument in its favour, as we, though essentially a discount house, have gone through a large number of his books during the last few years, without scarcely ever having the net price objected to.

Glasgow. JAMES MCGEACHY AND CO.

The trade in the provinces must feel greatly indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for introducing the net system. We certainly do; for by it a fair margin of profit is secured to

the bookseller against, in a good many cases, no profit at all on the ruinous discount system.

The sale of net books is undoubtedly very materially assisted from the fact that the bookseller finds it worth his while to stock them. This we have done, and in the case of Macmillan it has been the means of nearly doubling our account with them. We have sold a good many hundreds, and never once recollect any difficulty in getting the full price. JARVIS AND FOSTER.

Bangor.

I most thoroughly approve of the introduction of the net system, and have not found it at present detrimental to the sale of books so published. It will not be so, but, on the contrary, helpful all round, if publishers will fix the net price as nearly equivalent as possible to what it would be to the public if the discount were allowed. If, however, as might seem to be the case with one or two books recently issued, the publishers intend to appropriate the extra profit which the booksellers have had hitherto to give away, great mischief will be done. The public are very shrewd, and if told the net price of a book is evidently more than it would have been under the old system, they naturally suspect the bookseller pockets the surplus, and is making the exception at his own sweet will. This might easily be avoided if *all* net books were sent out with strong paper wrappers, having the price plainly printed on the back of same with the word "Cash" added, an example which has been so well set by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. There is, of course, the objection which has been raised that the *credit* price, whether for three months or longer, must be the same as that for *cash*, but the custom of paying cash for goods is now rapidly becoming general, and the difficulty might be met by an extra charge of five per cent. on overdue accounts. Perhaps, however, a more excellent way would be to add 2d. in the 1s. to the net price if credit is given. D. BURCHELL FRIEND.

Brighton.

We think the net system the only one which *can* reform the trade. On the present lines of "discounts" that end cannot be attained, because the amount of our profits approximate too nearly to working expenses. The reform could be effected, 1st, if the publishers would fix *net* prices, and refuse to supply any tradesmen selling at a lower price; 2nd (and my main idea or panacea), if the publisher would allow the bookseller a larger discount off the "net" price, so that in addition to paying "working expenses," the bookseller may be enabled to face all bad debts, keep a *good* stock, and make some provision for old age, for even booksellers are not always young. All questions about terms to libraries, amalgamations, and cash *v.* credit can be discussed in their place, *i.e.*, our trade organ.

Tunbridge Wells. GOULDEN AND NYE.

I heartily approve of Messrs. Macmillan's experiment of publishing books at net prices. It is the first earnest attempt to rescue the book trade from the disastrous effects of the absurd and ruinous discounts which the cutting bookseller has exacted from the publisher with one hand and given to the public with the other. Such trade can neither be healthy nor legitimate, and the sooner the publishers of *copyright books* recognise this fact, the sooner will trade be conducted upon sound and reasonable principles.

The system of net books entails certain disadvantages to the bookseller. He is bound to give credit, sometimes for short, sometimes for long periods. The net book should be a cash book, but if carried to a quarterly account, ten per cent. should be added for booking charges and interest. The man who wants credit should pay for the convenience, and I would not hesitate to charge for it.

If, like the Stores, we could all demand and secure cash payments, the net system would be ideally perfect, especially if publishers reserved and enforced the right to close accounts in case of breach of faith.

The country trade is, too, at some disadvantage as compared with London, for we have to bear heavy charges for carriage; we have to maintain proportionately larger and more varied stocks, and our book-buying populations are numerically small. The London bookseller can turn over his stock more frequently than a country bookseller, and therefore work on a smaller capital; thus competition is more acutely felt in the country.

Practically I have found no difficulty in dealing with customers over net books. They buy neither more nor less, but our intercourse has been invariably pleasant—why should it be otherwise? The customer gets honest value, and surely wants no more. It is essential that the word "net" be clearly printed by the publisher, and that the word also be emphasised in the advertisements.

I shall welcome the further adhesion of leading publishers to the plan. No one can compete with a publisher in his copyright books; he has the matter entirely in his own hands. The tendency of the net system is towards fair and honourable trade, therefore let us do our best to further it and profit by it. A. IREDALE.

Torquay.

BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

WHO ARE THE BOOKSELLER'S BEST CUSTOMERS?

IT may not be uninteresting this month to endeavour to answer this question. Nearly every bookseller's shop possesses its own peculiar character. Many booksellers make a distinct feature of law-books, or theological books, or school-books, or works on Architecture and Painting, and attract a special class of customers, but these do not come under the category of general booksellers, who cater for all classes of book-buyers.

This question may perhaps have the good effect of drawing the attention of booksellers to an important matter, and may have the effect of inducing them to classify their stock in a more particular manner than they have yet done. Unfortunately the bookseller pure and simple (especially in county towns) has become almost a thing of the past. He finds that it is more remunerative to sell fancy articles, and he does not devote sufficient energy and care to his selection of books. I am most anxious to see all this remedied, and to find the bookseller who has drifted into becoming a general dealer restored to his original position. I shall immediately be told that booksellers take to these outside branches of business because they are more remunerative than bookselling. I can only retort that if some judgment is exercised in stocking the shelves, a class of customers will be attracted to a bookseller's shop who in other circumstances would never think of entering such a place. My theory is that if a new beginner even succeeds in getting half-a-dozen customers interested in frequenting his shop, and finding there exactly what they want, or even what they didn't think they wanted, these half-dozen will be his best means of advertisement. The question thus arises, what class of books should a bookseller place on his shelves? My idea is that in a general way a bookseller should only buy what he would like to read himself, and bearing this in mind, he will save himself from a good deal of bad stock. I am of course assuming that a bookseller is fond of books, as he ought to be. If a bookseller has a taste for biography or history he ought by all means to give a prominence to works bearing on these subjects, and he will soon be able to *enthusiase* his customers with a liking for works of that class. If he finds he has not succeeded by that means alone let him then turn his attention to works of a popular scientific nature, and if he is a bookseller worth his salt he will know enough to induce a customer to look into the subject for himself.

Our leading customers can be arranged under five classes:—(1) Clergymen; (2) Doctors; (3) Lawyers; (4) Men of Leisure; and (5) Women of Culture. In addition to these five classes there is a very large class of readers whose purchasing powers never rise beyond a novel with which to while away an idle hour—a useful class because they clear away a great deal of stock on which there is a good margin of profit. We must, however, look to the five classes I have named as the consistent supporters of the bookselling trade, and who are the purchasers of the best class of books. And here I would ask, Does the general bookseller place in his stock the mental food for the superior customer, or does he not rather cram his shelves with the light literature of the hour and so dissuade the better class from glancing at his stock? It will of course be urged that the best class of books do not

pay a bookseller to place on his shelves. The blame lies somewhat at the door of the publisher, who ought to be more liberal in his terms so as to induce the bookseller to stock them. The publisher will immediately say that he has expended so much money on the production of his "heavy" books that he cannot afford better terms, and accordingly instead of being liberal to the bookseller he has to spend a large sum on advertising to make his books known. It is a great grievance to the retail bookseller to feel that in buying single copies of bulky books, the profits on the transaction is infinitesimal. Δ

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 15th and February 15th, 1892:—

1. LONDON, CENTRAL.

1. Lecky's England. 6s. (Longmans.)
2. Fream's Agriculture. 2s. 6d. (Murray.)
3. Church's Oxford Movement. 5s. (Macmillan.)
4. Lang's Letters to Dead Authors. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
5. Stopford Brooke's Short Sermons. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Beesly's Queen Elizabeth. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

2. LONDON, WEST.

1. Elizabeth, by E. S. Beesly. (Macmillan.)
2. Recognition in Eternity, by Canon Fleming. (Skeffington.)
3. Peter Ibbetson, by Du Maurier. 2 vols. (Osgood.)
4. My Official Wife, by Colonel Savage. (Routledge.)
5. Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill, by Tasma. (Heinemann.)
6. Quo Musa Tendis, by J. K. S. (Macmillan.)

3. EDINBURGH, WEST.

1. Recognition in Eternity. Sermon preached in Sandringham Church, January 24th, by Canon Fleming. 2s. (Skeffington.)
2. Muckle Jock, and other Stories. By the late M. MacLennan. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
3. Student's History of England. By S. R. Gardiner. 12s. (Longman.)
4. Twenty-five Years at St. Andrews. By A. K. H. B. 12s. (Longman.)
5. Khaled. By Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. The Cause of an Ice Age. By Sir R. Ball. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
7. Place Names in Scotland. By the Rev. J. B. Johnstone. 7s. 6d. (Douglas.)

4. MANCHESTER.

Our sales this month have been mainly from the following series:—

Preachers of the Age.
Spurgeon's Books.
Black's Novels. 2s. 6d. edition.
Farrar's Works. Cheap edition, 3s. 6d.
Prime Ministers Series.
Silver Library Series.

5. ABERDEEN.

1. Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews, by A. K. H. B.
2. Muckle Jock, and other Stories of Peasant Life in the North.
3. A Window in Thrums, by J. M. Barrie.
4. Letters to Dead Authors, by Andrew Lang.
5. Handbook of Scottish Church Defence, by C. N. Johnston.
6. The Oxford Movement, by the late Dean Church.

6. BRADFORD (YORKS).

1. Queen Elizabeth, by Beesly. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. Nature in Ornament, by Day. 12s. 6d. (Batsford.)
3. Montrose, by Morris. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. Letters to Dead Authors, by A. Lang. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)
5. History of Philosophy, by Lewes. 3s. 6d. (Routledge.)
6. Lectures on Literature, by Carlyle. 5s. (Ellis and Elvey.)
7. The Talking Horse, by Anstey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Ordinary stock books:—Ruskin, Barrie, Dickens, and Minerva Library.

7. BURNLEY.

1. One Thousand Best Songs, by Cole. 2s. 6d. (Hutchinson and Co.)
2. Strand Magazine Volume. 6s.
3. Queen Elizabeth (English Statesmen Series). 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. Inspiration of Holy Scriptures (Fernley Lectures). (Wesleyan Conference Office.)
5. Khaled, a Tale of Arabia, by F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Social Science Series. 2s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)
7. Spurgeon's Books.

NEW BOOKS.

AITKEN'S LIFE OF DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

Mr. Aitken continues his labours among the Queen Anne men of letters with the happiest results. This time it is Dr. Arbuthnot whose memory profits by his affectionate researches. Hitherto, if we except Mr. Leslie Stephen's article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography'—one of the best examples of condensed biography to be found anywhere—Arbuthnot has been known only through casual allusions in the biographies of friends more famous than himself. Yet these allusions were eminently of a kind to stimulate curiosity about the man. Mr. Aitken puts Dr. Johnson's verdict on his title-page: "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour." Everybody had a good word to say about Arbuthnot in an age when bitter personalities were more in fashion than panegyric. It might be argued that one reason why so many of the *irritabile genus* spoke well of him was that he had no care for his own literary reputation, though his wit and humour were always at the service of his friends. Lord Chesterfield says that he allowed his boys to make kites of "scattered papers of hints which would have furnished good matter for folios." Thus it happens that posterity must take his wit mainly on trust. But the vouchers for his "wit," as well as his "humanity," are unimpeachable. Late in his life, when he was seriously ill, Swift wrote to Pope to say how deeply he was concerned. "Oh! if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my 'Travels'!" Swift could find but one fault in him: "He hath a sort of slouch in his walk." Yet "I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic, and as fit a man either to live or die as ever I knew." Undoubtedly the most enduring monument of his fame is that Epistle which forms the Prologue to Pope's 'Satires.' Enough remains to show the warmth of the poet's friendship, but it is almost a pity that his fastidious taste rejected some lines near the end, in which he summed up the accomplished Doctor's merits:—

> "Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.
> And if it live, it lives but to commend
> The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
> Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite,
> And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write."

If Mr. Aitken had merely collected the allusions to Arbuthnot in the letters of the time, he would have done a good work. But it is needless to say that he has done much more than this. He has, indeed, prosecuted his researches to the utmost point of thoroughness. And it is satisfactory to note that his untiring industry has been rewarded by an important find, which throws light upon the steps by which the son of a Scotch clergyman, dispossessed of his obscure parish in Kincardineshire at the Revolution, rose to be Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, and afterwards her favourite Physician in Ordinary. Hitherto it has been supposed that he owed this entirely to the lucky accident of being at Epsom, sometime in the year 1704, when Prince George was taken suddenly ill, and that he had been in obscure practice before, having taken his medical degree at St. Andrews in 1696. But it appears now that Arbuthnot

* 'The Life and Works of John Arbuthnot, M.D., F.R.C.P.' By George A. Aitken. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

was long before this in the society of wits and fashionable people, and it was probably the prospect of a good practice that made him go to St. Andrews for a physician's qualification. Apparently following up a clue given by Arbuthnot's correspondence with Dr. Charlett, the Master of University College, Mr. Aitken has discovered that he went into residence at Oxford in 1694 as a Fellow-commoner. He was there, it would seem, as tutor to the son of a wealthy London alderman and M.P. Dr. Charlett and he seem to have become fast friends, and later on, when he was in favour at Court, he seems to have done his best to get his friend a Bishopric. But a more interesting circumstance is that from the time of his first residence, he continued to correspond with his Oxford friend, giving him the news of "the town," and the letters have been preserved, and are here reprinted. From one of them, written in 1698, when the famous Battle of the Books was in progress, we learn that Arbuthnot had ranged himself on the side of Temple and Swift, and against Bentley. The following passage shows his keen interest in the controversy, and is at the same time an amusing example of the disputes of scholars:—"I was pleased to see Mr. Alsop's Æsop. Mr. Bentley sayes ther is three faults in the Latin of Canis in praesepe. Mr. Charles Bernard told me he bid him instance in one. He said, 'exteri si quid sciant' for 'sciunt.' Mr. Bernard asked him if he was sure it was wrong. He said it was, and bid him depend upon it. The next day Mr. Bernard sent him this verse in Horace 'si quid componere curem,' but was sorry afterwards he did not lett him publish his criticism. We expect impatiently some reply to his dissertation at the end of Wotton's book."

Arbuthnot was born in 1667. That his father was a strong Jacobite is probable from his having been turned out of his living by the Presbyterians. One of the sons fought at Killiecrankie. After the father's death in 1691, the sons were dispersed to seek their fortune, and it was as a teacher of mathematics that the future Doctor first established himself in London. His first publication was a treatise on the Laws of Chance. This scientific knowledge of his was one of the secrets of his ascendency among the wits of his set. It seems strange, but of the fact there is good evidence in one of Swift's letters about the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." "To talk of Martin," Swift writes, "in any hands but yours, is a folly. You every day give better hints than all of us together could do in a twelvemonth. And to say the truth, Pope, who first thought of the hint, has no genius at all to it, in my mind; Parnell has some ideas of it, but is idle; I could put together, and lard, and strike out well enough, but all that relates to the Sciences must be from you." The letters which Mr. Aitken has brought together, many of them now printed for the first time, afford abundant evidence of the good-nature, easy temper, and zeal in the interest of friends, which made Arbuthnot so universally liked. A curious feature of his character was that while he had a poor opinion of mankind in general, and thus could enjoy Swift's splenetic humour, he had little *amour propre*, and thus was not inclined to be exacting of any man in particular. A passage in his letter to Swift after the Queen's death, is instructive on this point. It will be remembered that the Queen died suddenly before she had signed her will, and her personal attendants were thereby left without the provision which she had intended for them. After saying that his own case is not half so deplorable as that of some others—he had, of course, his profession to depend upon, and, as it turned out, in spite of the rout of his party, he continued in lucrative practice as a physician under the new King—the genial pessimist goes on:—"I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness that I always believed to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness: every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory; *though I think I have not met with it in my own case*, except from one man. And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit." The saving clause, which we have put in italics, shows how the humourist's general misanthropy was qualified. He was not a suspicious man for himself, not apt to imagine personal offence; and he was able accordingly to move equably among as explosive and touchy a *côterie* as ever existed, earning the good-will of all, and occasionally playing the part of a peacemaker. Arbuthnot loved mischief, Pope said, "the best of any good-natured man in England." But he had not Pope's own impish delight in setting people by the ears—while he stood by to enjoy the fun. On the contrary, he seems to have had a genuine aversion to savage personalities, and to have tried to persuade the too eager satirist to hold his hand. He tried unsuccessfully to mediate between Lady Mary Montagué and Pope: Lady Mary admitted his own "candour, generosity, and good sense," but as regarded the waspish bard could only express a hope that he would "turn to some more honest livelihood than libelling."

Of Mr. Aitken's care in editing these memorials, it is impossible to speak too highly. He has spared no pains to clear up allusions in the letters, and he has reproduced them with a textual fidelity which would have delighted the soul of Ritson himself. Nothing is too minute for him to spend time and trouble upon. He enters carefully even into the spelling and pronunciation of Arbuthnot's name, which seems to have given some trouble to the Scotch Doctor's southern friends. Swift at first wrote it "Arthburthnet"; then he advanced to "Arthburnott." Peter Wentworth tried "Albertinote," and even as late as the time of the Queen's death could come no nearer than "Alburtenhead." But, as Mr. Aitken remarks, "spelling was not a strong point with the Wentworths." W. MINTO.

HORÆ SABBATICÆ.*

These reprints from the *Saturday Review* form an interesting and instructive little book. It is, however, a pity that the dates are omitted. The fourteen essays deal with twelve world-famous books, and in rather an unexpected way. Instead of eloquent panegyric and intangible generalities, we find a careful analysis of the scope of each work, supported by copious quotations, and a few sober, judicious, and pregnant reflections. Such treatment, however useful, can hardly be brilliant or seductive, and its charm depends very much on the extent of the reader's knowledge and recollection of each book. If it be an old favourite, and the excerpts are all familiar, his interest is confined to the comments of the Essayist, which, since they are never paradoxical, will probably strike him as equally obvious and familiar. This applies peculiarly to the first papers. Joinville has been better treated by previous writers. The Froissart paper leaves much to be desired, and is mainly valuable for its analysis of fourteenth century Jingoism. That on de Comines brings out surprisingly, but, I think, too indulgently, the limited and perverse notions of World-government of a writer who has been misrepresented as a philosophical politician far ahead of his time. With Montaigne we begin to enter on a deeper vein. It is hard for his fireside friends to admit—but they must admit—the force of this destructive criticism, for Montaigne is only a charming sorcerer, not a great philosopher. The other papers all deal with English works of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Of these four will be found of general interest. The short sketch of Laud, showing that he was neither a childish bigot nor a saintly ascetic, should help to correct popular error. Hacket's 'Life of Williams' is a book quite worth reading, to which Sir James' excellent essay may well serve as a guide-post. The papers on Clarendon's 'History' and 'Life' deal with works too familiar for comment. There remain four studies of the great controversialists of the period. For the general reader they are too technical and difficult, but even for him their value is very great. In a very few pages they concentrate the results of careful and laborious reading, reviewed with method and acumen. That on Chillingworth is especially luminous. Hooker is a better known book, but few have read the whole, and a careful analysis is highly acceptable. Still I should be disposed to place the 'Polity' apart as a work over which no one could fear to be wasting his time. It is otherwise with the 'Religion of Protestants' and with Jeremy Taylor's two great books.

* 'Horæ Sabbaticæ.' By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. (Macmillan.)

All should know something about them, but none should read them. Life is too short for exploded controversy. It is the irony of fate that the seemingly ephemeral, trivial, airy works of the imagination, so far from becoming obsolete, gather an added charm of quaintness as time rolls on, while the stately structures reared by acutest thought and profoundest learning sink to inevitable oblivion. We honour the sage, but his book we are too wise to open. Old-world Sciences have only a mournful antiquarian interest, and old-world Theology was not only essentially a science, but was inextricably implicated with all other sciences. It is not so much that the data on which theological controversialists relied were either false or misapprehended, as that their correlation of first principles was obscurely confused, and their dialectical methods, though ingenious, vicious and barren. Students are often pompously advised to study such illustrious sophists as Taylor —advice which amounts almost to a breach of trust. No man without a grounding of Scholasticism, and a large tincture of Taylor's peculiar learning, could ever understand him at all, and that only with intense application and long labour—labour almost wholly thrown away. The unripe student fares worse; his head is turned, his vision distorted, his modes of thought perverted, his reason sophisticated and warped, by the seeming victories of Logic over Sense. Here let him rest upon such helps and advertisements as are afforded by minds of the first order, which have grappled as they alone can with the tortuous obscurities of obsolete systems, and reduced them, if not to order, at least to measurable form and dimensions. Such is the magisterial service which Sir James Stephen has rendered by these accurate appraisements. From them the pupil may grasp the bearings of the limitless territories ranged over by Hooker, Chillingworth, and Taylor, and ere he plunge into the wilderness recoil with a reverent shudder. The three papers on the *Ductor Dubitantium* are by far the most elaborated, and in their sagacious references to modern theories of ethics, jurisprudence, and political philosophy tempt me to follow up many a bye-path which they open out. But my knowledge of the *Ductor* is too slight and superficial to warrant such presumption. Enough that neither I, nor any one else who has studied this brief, this comprehensive, this destructive analysis of a work so vigorous in its members, yet so feeble, futile, and moribund as a whole, need henceforth open it save at random. Did space permit, several points as to the 'Liberty of Prophesying' would justify ample comment; and some few perhaps a slight demurrer. But this short description of the contents of Sir James Stephen's valuable work will doubtless be more acceptable than hurried and spasmodic commentary.

A second volume has just appeared, but too late for review. The author pursues the same method with other works from Hobbes down to Gibbon—Locke and Warburton being perhaps treated with most care. Y. Y.

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE AND HIS ART.*

In the first place this is a pretty book, though the illustrations might have been reproduced by a better process. Some may grumble on looking at the Jeanne d'Arc and Père Jacques, but then this is distinctly a popular exposition of the painter's work, not an *edition de luxe*, and it fulfils its aim fairly well. Each of the four essays which are the commentary on the illustrations has an interest of its own. First comes M. Theuriet's memoir, which, if it contains little that is new, is sympathetically written. Out of somewhat scanty material he has contrived to give us some life-like pictures. Jules, the successful, treating his mother to Parisian luxuries, and the old peasant grandfather bored to death by the boulevards and the opera, are two of the most charming. Mr. Clausen's essay is a conscientious bit of work. He seems to be conscious of the difficulties which artistic matters present to the vulgar or the merely literary, and he condescends to explain, which he does in a fairly lucid fashion. His enthusiasm for his subject may be judged from his verdict that had Bastien-Lepage lived "his work would have shown a wider range of nature than that of any other artist, except perhaps Rembrandt." But he is no fanatic, and sees limitations in Lepage at the latest stage he was permitted to reach. "Realism in art," says Mr. Clausen, "leads nowhere. It is an *impasse*." And as Lepage meant to get somewhere, whatever his achievements, they were only practice by the way. M. Theuriet makes no mention of Marie Bashkirtseff's passionate admiration of Lepage, and so Marie has a chapter to herself, presumably on the strength of her being a distinguished pupil of his school. We feel a little inclined to contest her place here at all. Was she more representative of his school than a dozen young painters, French and English, who didn't write journals? And Miss Blind's irritating abundance of trite quotation to help out her eulogy makes us inclined to contest it still more.

But the centre of interest of the whole volume is Mr. Sickert's jaunty attack on Lepage and all his works. It is distinctly clever, and contains some truths flippantly expressed. Mr. Sickert has been irritated by the Lepage "culte." He has been bored by talk of the "primitif" and his truth to nature, with the result that he says if the "primitif" and his followers show any truth at all, it is "the truth of unessentials, and their elaborate and unlovely realities serve only to cover themes that are profoundly unreal." But worse than this. Listen, ye realists! Give ear, ye "pleinairists"! Your Jeanne d'Arc is—"machin"! This sounds like the flippant audacity of the *quartier Latin* and the Philistinism of the British public coming out of the same mouth—and the mouth of a prophet of the New English Art Club, too! At such chaotic blasphemy one's brain reels! The master, whose name stands for contempt of fashion and convention, was only—a "salonnier"! Mr. Sickert is young enough to expiate the sins he has here committed. He will probably do so when he realises, as he must in a cooler moment, that because some foolish persons have compared Millet and Bastien-Lepage, to the disparagement of the former, he need not be guilty of the same kind of folly. The cumulative observation which helped Millet to bring out what Mr. Sickert calls the essential truths of his subject, was never wilfully despised by the other, and Lepage's intense and glowing search for the truth of the moment was no less a method of genius—and this a flippant allusion to the camera is not enough to disprove. Mr. Clausen's admission in the midst of his enthusiasm is the saner standpoint.

But controversy apart, the subject of the memoir and of these essays, the young painter of the Meuse, is a fascinating personality. His life, short as it was, is full of meaning and interest to artists of every school and every kind. A son of the people, he drew all his best inspiration from his native soil. The conventional teaching of the schools he made use of, but it was a thin layer that he soon burst through. "I learned my business in Paris," he said, "I shall not forget that, but my art I did not learn there." Classic models had left him cold, and so did the glories of Venice. He was proud of his provincialism, and when, after his Salon triumphs, he turned the granary of the old house at Damvillers into a studio, he knew that his art as well as himself was at home.

* 'Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art.' A Memoir, by André Theuriet; 'Bastien-Lepage as Artist,' by George Clausen, A.R.W.S.; 'Modern Realism in Painting,' by Walter Sickert, N.E.A.C.; and 'A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff,' by Mathilde Blind. Illustrated with reproductions of Bastien-Lepage's and Marie Bashkirtseff's works. 10s. 6d. (Unwin.)

MEDIÆVAL SCOTLAND.*

The title of this book is rather misleading, as the author goes back to the pre-historic period, and comes down to the Union in 1707. Before leaving the title, it may be pointed out that the title-page is sadly marred by an awkward misprint of "Factories" for "Fisheries"—an omen of evil portent, only too indicative of the slovenly work which follows. Of the first four chapters, two deal with agriculture and two with manufactures. The fifth relates to fisheries, the sixth to taxation and revenue, the seventh to trade and commerce, and the eighth to weights and measures. In each of these chapters there is much valuable information, in an extremely readable form; but, in spite of the enormous number of dates and figures, the details in many cases are so erroneous that discredit is cast on the whole work. There

* 'Mediæval Scotland,' by R. W. Cochran-Patrick. (Glasgow: Maclehose, 1892.)

are for example two blunders on p. 19, one of which occurs in the following sentence:—"After an Act of Parliament in 1472, regulating the rotation of crops, we find John Spark, tenant of Little Perth, is taken bound to adhere to the state regulations in sowing wheat, pease, rye, and beans, failing which he is to forfeit his lease." Now, as a matter of fact, the lease in question was granted in 1472; but the Act of Parliament was passed in 1426 and re-enacted in 1457. This mistake is the less excusable, as, two pages further on (p. 21), the correct date of the Act is given, and also a summary of it. That summary, however, is incorrect, inasmuch as it states that a penalty of 480 pence, or forty shillings, was to be incurred by the land-owners for each of their tenants who neglected to sow in proportion; whereas the Act itself bears that the owners were to be fined not for the demerit of their tenants, but for their own negligence in failing to exact the penalty of ten shillings from them. On the same page (21), another Act of Parliament is misrepresented. The labourer referred to was to dig daily not merely "seven square feet of ground," as Mr. Cochran-Patrick says; but seven feet square—a very different quantity. Such a mistake does not say much for the precision of one who writes on weights and measures. Again, on p. 35, it is stated that, in 1483, "a duty of 4 oz. of standard silver was imposed on every 'serplath' of cloth brought into the country by the merchants." In this short extract there are two flagrant errors. The goods affected by the Act were not imports, but exports—wool, skins, hides, cloth, and salmon; and the "four unces of brynt silver" were not demanded as duty, but simply as a matter of convenience for the inbringing of bullion. The first part of the Act refers to the coining of silver groats, ten to the ounce; and the last part provides that the merchants were to receive ten of these groats for each ounce of silver. It might have been expected that the laborious writer of the *Records of the Coinage of Scotland* would have been the last man to fall into such an error! "The object of these papers," he says, p. 144, "is not to give a complete account of early Scotland (which, indeed, would be impossible), but rather to indicate the sources from which such a history may in the future be compiled." Had he done no more than drawn attention to the rich and inexhaustible mine of interesting and solid information, buried and neglected in the Record edition of the *Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland*, he would have done well. Unfortunately, for the success of his book and his own credit, he has done his work hastily and carelessly; and many other blunders, as inexcusable as the foregoing, could easily be pointed out; but such a task would be ungracious. Mr. Cochran-Patrick has by no means confined himself to the *Acts of Parliament*. He has drawn largely from the *Records of the Convention of Burghs*, from the works of Cosmo Innes, and from other authorities too numerous to retail here. One serious defect runs through his book. Except in the appendix and explanatory notes, he never refers to volume or page; and this, of course, renders it much more difficult to verify his statements. Even when he seems to be drawing his information from such a work as the *Chartulary of Melrose*, one can hardly refrain from suspecting that he had Cosmo Innes before him. There is, for example, a remarkably close resemblance between a paragraph, on p. 13, and several sentences in the *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, 1861, p. 98. Though disqualified as a work of reference by its slip-shod nature, general readers will find much in its beautifully-printed pages to amuse and instruct.

MR. GISSING'S NEW BOOK.*

The opening chapter of Denzil Quarrier is so good that one is tempted to linger over it, and try to forecast the probable course of the story from the apparently ominous incidents and traits with which it is artfully packed. We are introduced to a snug little room in Clapham furnished in subdued colours in the taste of the time. We are shown a girlish woman, with dark gold hair, slight figure, and pensive features. There are tea-things for two: she is waiting for some one. Presently a telegram comes to say that he is detained by unexpected business. She has tea and an interview with a beggar, and then she dines and waits. At ten he comes, a tall, dark-bearded man, with a hearty, masterful manner. He is embarrassed to learn that she has allowed their only servant to go home to attend to a brother half killed in an accident: he had asked a friend to dinner. She is startled, not at the *contretemps* merely, but because this is the first time any friend has been asked to dinner. How much has he told this friend? The friend has been told only that they have reasons for keeping their marriage secret. Thereupon the reader begins to suspect, this suspicion being encouraged by the author in various little touches, that Denzil Quarrier and Lilian are not married at all, and that on this fact hangs the tale.

Manifestly this clandestine union is not intended to come to good. But if at this point we begin to speculate from the hints of character thrown out, how it is likely to run its troubled course, we have some reason to complain that the introductory hints are misleading. Perhaps it is our own fault; perhaps we have Ibsenism on the brain, and, unreasonably jumping to the conclusion that Mr. Gissing has the same, proceed to interpret his foreshadowings of fate in an Ibsenitish spirit. Still, we are prepared to argue that Mr. Gissing does in his opening chapter lead us to expect a study of results issuing from the characters of the unlawfully wedded—or unwedded—pair, whereas the catastrophe is brought about by external and all but incredible villainy. The introductory hints all point to incompatibility of temper; and the development of this as chief cause of the rupture of an unsanctioned marriage, we naturally take to be the novelist's theme. Lilian, in spite of her equivocal position, is obviously a gentlewoman, refined in her tastes, graceful in her movements, musical and studious—with enough of the scholar in her to consult books of reference during her hours of waiting. Denzil Quarrier, though he proves to be a good-hearted and generous fool enough, is not at first so obviously meant for a gentleman; he is a rough diamond, masterful, inclined to underrate his acquaintances and overrate himself. He has been at sea and uses strong language: he is busy with a history of the Vikings, but he is uneasy at "pen-work," and begins to think that he was meant for a more active life. She is tender-hearted, and gives half-a-sovereign to a whining beggar who calls when he is out; as soon as he comes in, he is indignant about beggars, and threatens to take the next to the police-station. We tremble for the future of the gentle Lilian yoked to the will and pleasure of this erratic and imperious master. Yet there are indications of spirit in her too; "her lips are courageous," her eyes "such as brighten readily with joy;" she does not pine and fret as she waits for her absent lord, and she chaffs him about his harum-scarum political projects. Manifestly in the two characters thus introduced there is room for a tragedy of character. But Mr. Gissing has given us instead a tragedy of circumstance, with a somewhat commonplace moral. The incompatibility for which we were prepared at the outset is never developed; on the contrary, the harmony between the pair remains perfect to the last, without a breath of discord. Lilian is simply a victim to Denzil Quarrier's rashness and self-will, carried to a pitch hardly consonant with sanity. The all but incredible baseness of a friend precipitates a crisis which could have been escaped only by a miracle without his treachery. It is a poor compensation for Lilian's fate that Quarrier was chastened and improved by it; we are not convinced that he was worth such chastening. Still, Mr. Gissing has a right to tell his story in his own way, and it may be our fault and not his that that way is not what we anticipated from his opening. We admit that we can see a meaning and a purpose in it as he tells it, and that we can conceive plausible arguments in favour of the realism of some of its most surprising turns, the motiveless treachery of Glassard, and the strange behaviour of Mrs. Wade. It is undeniably an interesting story, and the electioneering scenes and characters are cleverly drawn.

* 'Denzil Quarrier.' A Novel. By George Gissing, Author of 'New Grub Street,' etc. (London: Lawrence and Bullen.)

LASSALLE IN MEREDITH.*

This new edition of 'The Tragic Comedians,' with Mr. Shorter's useful note and bibliography of Lassalle literature, give us an opportunity of refreshing our memories and revising

* 'The Tragic Comedians,' by George Meredith. With an Introductory Note on Ferdinand Lassalle, by Clement Shorter. (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.)

our judgments of a very remarkable book. This 'Study in a well-known Story' has always stood out from amongst Mr. Meredith's work, possibly because of the interest of the subject, and, standing out, has attracted much curiosity, considerable praise, and some abuse. It has been called a gross plagiarism, which is absurd, seeing that the book it might have plagiarised is several times very markedly alluded to in its pages. If anyone has a mania for classifying literature let him try his hand here. When he was nearest the truth he might call it a free translation of Helena von Racovitza's 'Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle,' edited, with many interpolations and omissions, and copious notes, by an unsympathetic editor. Why Mr. Meredith put his study into the form he did is very questionable, but the reason of his savage humour is not hard to understand. Those who have come under the spell of Lassalle's personality, or of his memory bequeathed in his own works or the reports of his friends, must have felt one time or other, respecting his death and the hideous stupidity of its circumstances, that there was nothing left but to turn their faces to the wall, curse the world, and die. The woman for whose sake he fell could hardly have escaped the angry scorn of the world, had she hidden herself ever so obscurely. But some dozen years or so after, wishing to set herself right with the world, or to make it her confessor, she wrote a book. Meredith's savage pity for Lassalle, or rather for the world that lost him, moved him to tear this book to pieces, and, being a writer of fiction, he put his criticism into story form, giving fictitious names to those who played a part in the 'tragic comedy.' Beyond this re-naming there is nothing else new in the story. He has invented nothing. Lassalle becomes Alvan; Helena von Dönniges, Clotilde von Rüdiger; Yanko, Fürst Racovitza, the 'Mohrenpage;' Prince Marko Romaris, the "Indian Bacchus"; the Gräfin von Hatzfeld, the Baroness von Crefeldt, and so on. In one or two of the fictitious names there is a loss of effect. The adaptor's bias was at work when he turned "Brunhilde" and "Goldfuchs" into "Lucretia" and "Goldcrested serpent." There are some misplacements of time and circumstance—not many. Every scene, except perhaps that of Marko with the gypsies, is to be found in Helena's book. All the most notable conversations, some, not all, of the epigrams, are drawn directly from her reports, and let those who know her version judge whether they gain or lose in their English dress. Take, for instance, the passages where Lassalle reveals his political plans and ambitions, where he pictures Helena as the "Bride of the Elect of the People," or when he flings out his scorn for the scribbling profession, or relates his interview with Bismarck, in order to find the adaptor's method and material. Where, then, does Mr. Meredith come in? He plays a part certainly. Helena he has no belief in. Her reminiscences, confessions, and regrets, he treats as rags. When she is most plausible she is most to be suspected. He drags her words below his microscope. He dissects every syllable with merciless enjoyment. Lassalle he never puts under the knife at all, and for this we rejoice, for his Alvan is a magnificent creature of romance in real life. But it is not idle to speculate what he would have made of him in the Geneva scenes, had not his hand been stayed by the thought that the shadow of death hung over his most tragic comedian. Helena's pathetic appeal to posterity on her own behalf that "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner," he laughs to scorn. Why, understanding only shows up the sin of weakness and cowardice. The myth about her wonderful powers he will in no ways accept. His Clotilde is a beautiful, fascinating coquette, with a glib tongue, free manners, and a cowardly heart. The compliments to her understanding and independence of mind are not to be taken seriously. "Her reading," he says, "was an interfusion of philosophy skimmed and realistic romances deep sounded." The nearest he will go to owning her charm is to talk of "her sweet impudence." In her first interview with Alvan he depicts her only as a forward minx. Before she has seen him she owns or denies any knowledge of him, according to the company she finds herself in. She is "impulsive, without will, ready to lie." Towards the end he relents somewhat, but his sneer has only passed into scornful pity. Such is his Clotilde. Such in some measure, by her own confession, was Helena; but Mr. Meredith has overshot himself. He has been too clever in inventing motives. Weak she was, but she was little more than a child in years, and you have to go back to the middle ages before you can find anything analogous to the domestic terrors of her situation. Fond of admiration, too, yet when she tells us she never had a 'Spur von Coquetterie' in her, she was probably right. She was made to be a good comrade. However imperfect her education and immature her mind, it reflected Lassalle's wonderfully, which was what he wanted. And her book is a standing witness to a strange undefinable power. The social fibs and prejudices Clotilde is guilty of, her condescension to, instead of participation in, the intellectual world, beneath her own, is neither true to probability nor to fact, as Helena's later life bears witness. Her judgment of the Countess's conduct is more accurate than Mr. Meredith's, if the probable report of her fabrication of the Sophie Soluzeff story can be trusted. In short, Mr. Meredith's genius has brilliantly lit up the stage on which this tragic comedy was acted, and kept us rapt spectators, but his bitter scorn does not wring our hearts as does the simpler story of the woman who, begging for forgiveness herself, reveals all the passion and the pity of this strange romance.

MISS TYNAN'S BALLADS AND LYRICS.*

Miss Tynan is distinctly the most promising of our younger poetesses, and her last volume is her best. Her work is much of it imitative; for example, the opening poem in this book is apparently suggested by the first version of George Meredith's 'Love in a Valley.' But Miss Rossetti has influenced Miss Tynan more than any one else. This and the interval between mistress and pupil might be illustrated by many quotations. For example, Miss Rossetti's 'Mother Country':

"Oh, what is this country,
And where can it be,
Not mine own country,
But dearer far to me?
Yet mine own country,
If I one day may see
Its spices and cedars,
Its gold and ivory,"

may be compared with Miss Tynan's 'Home Sickness':

"Sometimes in the evening,
When the mountains are grey,
I muse on mine own country,
That's far, far away.
O, there are white palaces
By a jasper sea!
And I trow mine own country
Is the best land for me."

Both singers are devout believers, but Miss Tynan's irrepressible high spirits fill her book with a sunshine not to be found in the other's. Echoes of Mrs. Browning are not infrequent, as in the beautiful lines, 'The Last Word.' 'Sheep and Lambs' is perhaps the best poem in the volume, but those devoted to St. Francis are almost equally good, and the Irish poems, with the possible exception of the 'Wild Geese' (the Irish Jacobites), better treated in the 'Spirit of the Nation,' are also excellent. The whole book is attractive and promising. It is full of gaiety, tenderness, and faith, and the singing quality is never absent.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.†

This splendid and monumental work has now been completed, and bids fair to stand alone in its particular department for many years. The promise of the beginning has been amply redeemed. It is much more than a dictionary. The illustrations and the related encyclopedic matter, with the abundant and excellent illustrations, make it a convenient and almost indispensable book of general reference.

A detailed criticism of these six noble volumes would be impossible. Suffice it to point out some main features. The collection of words is exceptionally large, about two hundred thousand. The main body of English speech from the beginning is carefully attended to. Slang is noticed, within due limits, and Americanisms are carefully recorded. Of still more practical use is the inclusion of new

* 'Ballads and Lyrics.' By Katherine Tynan. (Kegan Paul and Co.) 5s.

† 'The Century Dictionary.' Six volumes. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

scientific and archæological words—a department which from careful examination we can certify has been looked to with special attention. The etymologies have also been treated scientifically by a band of specialists. Orthography, pronunciation, and definitions all receive due attention, and the body of quotations is very full, entertaining, and instructive. The art department has been under the care of Mr. Lewis Fraser, manager of the art department of the Century Company. The name of the editor-in-chief, Dr. W. D. Whitney, is a guarantee for the scholarly accuracy of the whole. We are persuaded that the more thoroughly this dictionary is examined, the more distinctly its sterling worth will appear.

CARLYLE'S LECTURES ON LITERATURE.*

It might have been better had these lectures not been given to the world at all, but now that two editions have actually been published, a third is peremptorily called for. It is impossible to look on either as final, seeing how badly they pull together. Both Professor Greene and Mr. Karkaria have bestowed pains on their task, but someone will surely undertake to bring the texts into some kind of agreement before a third enterprising publisher attempts to bring out the third existing MS. to add to the confusion. The Indian edition is printed from the original MS., which was presented to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society by the transcriber, the late Thomas Chisholm Anstey. The other two, one of which has just been published by Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, are more or less accurate copies. Mr. Karkaria seems to have gone on the plan of sticking even to mistakes in the original, and correcting them (sometimes) in the notes, while Mr. Greene takes on himself, very rightly, to correct obvious errors in the text itself. But these rules are not consistently carried out. The discrepancies are too numerous to be unimportant. Here are some of them:—"Staves and pikes" in the one reads "stabs and pikes" in the other; the air is "white" with feathers in the one and "black" in the other; "the great unfathomable wells of woe" becomes "the great unfathomable oasis of woe"; "talent" becomes "latent"; "The Hunger's Tower of Ugolino" the "hunger power"; Florence in one is called "well-guided", in the other "hell-guided"; Carlyle is made to translate "Berserker" as "bare-shirt" in one, as "bare-spirit" in the other; papal "missions" become "missives"; "hypothetical," "hypocritical"; "beauty" is turned into "charity"; "divine" (a substantive) into "diviner"; "owner" into "won"; and there are many more. The interpolations and omissions have been carried out on a plan about which it is impossible to have an opinion till a reconciling editor has possession of the different MSS. The difference in proper names is not so much to be wondered at, though why we should read Zenzendorf in one and Tinzendorf in the other it is hard to tell, any more than why in the English edition it should be stated that Cervantes was born at Ascalon, near Madrid, instead of Alcalá, without any explanatory note.

As for the form and arrangement of the two books, the English edition is the sightlier and of the handier shape. Its notes are fewer, but they are good. Mr. Karkaria has erred in giving far too many notes, and in quoting, amongst others, second rate authorities, but they are conveniently arranged beneath the text, and he has proved himself a zealous scholar of Carlyle by adding an index.

From end to end there is hardly a sentence that will add to Carlyle's reputation. There are many passages the unconscious egotism of which makes one smile; there are errors not a few. But blunders and all, the lectures are mildly characteristic, and as we read them we are willing to believe that they must have been impressive when spoken, especially the one on Dante, though his lack of appreciation of anything that was not Teutonic was never so clearly revealed before. Possibly no one ever delivered a course of lectures in which there was less research; but after all he scorned them himself, as "a detestable mixture of prophecy and play-acting," and he never published them. He gave out his own personality to his audience, and that is a gift few lecturers have at their command.

* Lectures on the History of Literature, delivered by Thomas Carlyle, April to July, 1838. Edited by J. Reay Greene. (Ellis and Elvey.)

* Lectures on the History of Literature, delivered by Thomas Carlyle in 1838. Edited by R. P. Karkaria. (Curwen, Kane and Co., Bombay. 'Times of India' Office, London.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

Just because so much has already been done in the way of research into the history of Elizabeth's reign, the philosophical historian has but the harder task before him. The lights and cross lights thrown athwart the path are a hindrance rather than a help, and the work of sifting, reconciling, and bearing the even hand of justice amongst the tortuous events themselves, and the fanciful commentaries of contemporaries and historians of after days could not be lightly undertaken. Professor Beesly, largely by reason of his cool-headedness, has carried it through very successfully. On several points he may be challenged doubtless. Elizabeth's game of hazard in Scotland, played with alternate flippancy and desperation, he has vainly strained language and evidence to call a policy. The exposition of her conduct of affairs in the Netherlands is lucid and convincing, in comparison. There he attempts no defence, and lets the events justify her. One or two main facts of her statesmanship have perhaps never before been so delicately and so accurately handled. Elizabeth's cynical, yet perfectly sincere, relations to the Protestantism of her time have found their historian, and what was harder still, so has her long and complicated play of policy with France, on which her reputation must substantially rest. Had Professor Beesly been able to overcome a visible contempt for every Scot living at the time, he might have treated her relations with their country in as satisfactory a fashion.

The book is, of course, not a history of the reign. The high-spirited, merrie England of the popular chronicle is nowhere in these pages. It is Elizabeth as a statesman merely that is dealt with. And, indeed, the book lacks something, in that the bald facts concerning the increase of prosperity are not amplified. A more detailed exposition would have clearly shown how far this prosperity was the results of her statesmanship, and how far it directed and strengthened her policy. Another omission, which, however, does not refer to this volume merely, may be mentioned here. Should this excellent series not contain some kind of bibliography? For whom are they intended? Mr. Morley's 'Walpole' and this volume, at least, are surely addressed to the serious political student, rather than to the general reader, and some direction as to sources and as to whereabouts of documents would be of real value.

Professor Beesly's work is far more than a good summary. It is for the most part a dry, severe record, but it breaks out into eloquence at times though he does his best to keep himself from being set on fire. He has kept the promise of his motto, *sine ira et studio*, as well as a human historian can be expected to do. Yet it is a distinctly personal judgment of Elizabeth, and therein lies its chief interest. He heartily dislikes Elizabeth. For her character he has even less reverence than most. He never even tries to explain the popular sentiment that dubbed her "good Queen Bess." He is merciless concerning her utter want of truth and generosity, and in defiance of convention and of some evidence, declares that "she never loved nor was loved, and never has been or will be regarded with enthusiasm by either man or woman." But for her statecraft, for the sanity of her ambitions, he has a very full admiration, none the less so that his admiration is a concession wrung from the unwilling but honest mind of a disciple of Auguste Comte, who cannot abide "the Monstrous Regiment of Women." "Her mistakes," he says, "are those a female ruler will always be liable to make." And however cynical he may be in his views of the political degradation in that age, he declares, in respect to the notorious Morton affair, that "no male statesman would have been so insensible to dishonour." In this regard Professor Beesly descends to drivel in his reflections on Elizabeth's closing years. But his convictions or his prejudices do not, as a rule, interfere

* 'Queen Elizabeth,' by Edward Spencer Beesley. Twelve English Statesmen Series, 2s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

with his impartiality. The genuine historical spirit is strong in every trained Positivist, and he threads his way, with perfect comprehension, through most of the foreign complications of Elizabeth's reign. He has added one more ruthless page to the story of the utter worldliness of the Anglican reformation, yet is fully aware of the moral strength of the Puritanism with which that reformation, so called, had nothing to do. He is tolerant even of intolerance. He does justice to Campion, sees the worth of Calvinism, and is full of understanding for the difficulties of the secular authorities it threatened. The minor characters around the Queen he has ignored wherever it was possible. Burghley he has belittled; he has laughed Essex to scorn. The book is not without a certain humour drily expressed, in regard to Elizabeth's rejection of her suitors and her cat-like treatment of her friends and enemies, for instance; and if space had been allowed, it is open to conjecture whether Professor Beesly, for all his cold-bloodedness and scorn of sensation, might not have made even an amusing book.

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

Feb. 1st.—I have been three times offered 'David Grieve,' but having been much impressed by the *Times* review, and no less so by that in the *National Observer*, I shirk the task of judgment where critics fall out so noisily. So I declined 'David.' But I accepted meekly everything else that the librarian handed me with the assurance that it was "new." If one imprisons one's self in that house of bondage called a circulating library at all, the hazard of the thing is its only redeeming feature.

'Mammon,' Mrs. Alexander's latest work, has a fine title. It suggests a very great deal that isn't in the book—hideous sacrifices at the altar of a god greedy of human happiness, splendour and misery, magnificence and degradation, going hand in hand. Nothing of the kind. There is, to be sure, a good deal of money knocking about—a hundred thousand, for instance, in the gift of an old miser. And there are a few persons rather impecunious, though they are not rendered miserable thereby. Old Tracey, the miser, grudges himself fire and beef-tea, and his daughter Claudia has a bad time of it while she lives with him, but on the whole it is a comfortable story. True, there is a poor makeshift of an attempt to ruin the happiness of Claudia and her staid guardian, but the plotter was moved by despised love and not by mammon, and indeed the sordid god has only one worshipper, and he dies betimes. So for all the Zolaesque title, the book may be permitted to make its way into "the family circle" for the entertainment of those who care for the contemplation of virtuous actions, unexceptionable sentiments, with faint suggestions in the background of the glamour of racing excitement, military dash, and all the idle luxury of those happy people who might be so very wicked if they liked to.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has written a novel. It is called 'The Letter of the Law.' Perhaps it isn't the first from his pen, but somehow it reads like it. There's a great deal of French in it and a good deal of slang, for the heroine, who tells the story, has many brothers. The plot turns on the Scotch marriage laws. A frolic in the shape of a make-believe wedding—which, by-the-bye, must have required all the ineffable dulness of a country house full of idle people to permit it to have been persevered in as far as the fatal words—ends seriously, for the heroine has a wicked cousin. He is an Edinburgh lawyer, and having failed to win her affections, is determined to ruin her happiness, and turns his legal knowledge to evil account by proving the playful marriage to be a real one according to 'The Letter of the Law.' So the girl has to let a faithful and charming lordling go, and become the wife of a dissipated Irishman. Luckily the latter has been a bad landlord, and his tenants shoot him dead, and, of course, his place is taken, not by the lordling, but by a melancholy and fascinating admirer, who had thrust a packet of priceless diamonds into her hands with tragic silence at her former wedding. A horrible end is found for the wicked cousin. He becomes an anti-landlord agitator in the Highlands, an outcast from his class and from "society." There is much fine literature in this book in the shape of select quotations from the very best authors, and what is better, more naïveté than I have found in any book for many a day. The simplicity of the amiable baronet stands out on every page. But he puzzles the reader once on the title-page, where is to be read the strange device:—"Nulle défense de rire si l'on veut; nulle défense de pleurer si l'on veut." No one will ever be tempted to do one thing or the other.

I have just been looking into a volume of short stories by Mr. Baring-Gould, 'Margery of Quether.' Some of them are good; the best is perhaps 'Tom a' Tuddlams.' But why should any one want to write anything so hideous and unpleasant as the first one, that gives its name to the book? The story, legend, whatever it is, is grotesque. It is powerfully told—more's the pity, for you can't get it out of your mind. But think of what is called, in its loosest, most popular sense, 'realism'; conceive it applied, not to ordinary commonplace human life, but to the legendary and the supernatural, and you have an idea what 'Margery of Quether' is like. New-fangled styles are not successfully applied to old world stories. Had this tale been told as a vague rumour, it might have thrilled one with horror. As it is, it only revolts.

It is a narrow stage on which Mr. Clark-Russell works out his story of 'A Strange Elopement,' but wide enough for the small number of actors. There are only four who are of the least consequence—a hot-tempered, swearing, tyrannical old general, tearing his beautiful and melancholy daughter away from her lover's arms to the exile of an Indian station; the reporter of the story, and a young man who shares his cabin, refuses to go on deck, smokes endless cigarettes, reads novels, and before he has spoken half-a-dozen words—he speaks very few altogether—has made the reader wildly interested in his fortunes. Of course, he is the lover of the beautiful girl, and you know he is going to win. The narrative of that night when the watch was found tied to the mast and the ship's boat and the lovers gone, is of thrilling interest. There is too little of the story. We learn they were picked up, but that is all. When next the world is startled by some deed of cool and reckless daring or of sublime impudence, I shall feel inclined, until I hear particulars to contradict it, to believe that the hero began his career by eloping in mid ocean, and that Mr. Clark-Russell called him Charles Cunningham.

Feb. 8th.—Mr. Boldrewood should stick to Australia. Most colonists would do well to avoid depicting the old country when they write books. The English part of his new story is a failure, but luckily the scene is laid mostly amongst the Australian gold mines at the height of the gold fever. The young heir to an old English house quarrels with his father, and goes to seek his fortune at the mines. His behaviour at home, we are given to understand, has not been over wise, but it is a little difficult to believe that any one gifted with sense enough to take out a passage for Australia could have conducted himself in such an imbecile fashion as Lance Trevanion. His ill-fortunes, so far as they are not directly caused by himself, come from his having a double—he and his double have the same fathers by-the-bye. Lance is imprisoned, robbed, murdered, and his double is the gainer for a time. The romantic lady who comes to Australia in search of Lance, tired of waiting for him in England, is even deceived, and there the reader's faith breaks down. It is a poor story, but it will be read, and is worth reading for the sake of the vigorous pictures of the rough mining life, its dangers, chances, and temptations.

If Miss Barr's tales have been wearing thin of late, she has retrieved herself in 'A Sister to Esau.' The story is not at all points probable, but she has a good grip of Scotch character, and the book is never dull. The background of theological controversy gives it rational colour without weighting it overmuch.

When Stepniak introduced 'The Blind Musicians' to English readers, they were somewhat disappointed. They pronounced it pretty, and then forgot all about it. Korolenko has gone far since then, and 'In Two Moods' is worthy of a better reception. It is far richer in observation of character, and gives us a glimpse of what his translators mean when they praise him so highly. But it strikes one,

nevertheless, as an immature book, and its point of contact with the Western world is less distinct than that in the Russian novels we have adopted into our libraries. It is doubtless the Russian fiction that has come most under foreign influence that we have welcomed most speedily. Korolenko is probably of more native growth, and less easy for us to assimilate.

Miss Yonge's latest novel is called 'That Stick.' The 'Stick' is an attorney's clerk who becomes an honour to the peerage. His wife, a governess of twenty years' standing, becomes also an honour to the peerage. Their sense of unworthiness before accepting their new position is most becoming. Lord Northmoor is not exactly an exhilarating person, and even at the end, when he is to be rewarded by having his nickname changed, nothing less wooden occurs to the honest mind of the novelist than to call him 'That Staff.' There is one wicked person in the book, his lordship's cousin Ida, who steals his heir that her brother may succeed to the estates; but this offence, though unsuccessful, is not winked at. Remorse preys upon the wicked Ida's mind. She dies in a decline, and so everybody is good and comfortable at the end.

A really pleasant little tale is 'The Story of Chris,' by Rowland Grey. It is not very strong, and it bears the mark of youth, though the authoress has had some literary success before now. But it is fresh and bright and unconventional. Chris is an independent young person who breaks loose from social restrictions, becames a journalist under the guidance of her uncle, and in the end a distinguished novelist. But her literary labours leave her time, unfortunately, to have a love story of her own, which does not end happily. The writer has more zeal than art, and shows up her political opinions, and makes war on fogeyism in a refreshingly juvenile way. The story may suffer somewhat from being bound like a Sunday-school prize book, which would be a pity, as it deserves success.

Feb. 15th.—A pilgrimage to Mecca is a picturesque background to a novel. Mr. Horace Victor has made good use of it in 'Mariam.' The colour, the detail, the circumstance, are painted with a sure hand, and were it only for the passing glimpses of Eastern scenery by one who has evidently looked on it, the book would be of interest. And indeed, the best work is in the setting. The characters are made to play a part, but they are hardly alive, and their conversation teeming, though it be, with 'By Allahs!' is not very lively. Still there is skill in the situation—the young English doctor's succumbing for a time to the influence of Oriental beauty, suddenly recovering himself, and explaining feebly that his words of admiration in his colder native land would not have been accounted amorous. The Mahommedan maiden is evidently shocked at the revelation, but she lets him go, and luckily there is faithful Ismar waiting for her in the background till she has recovered from her infatuation.

I earnestly request Mr. Howells to strike out something new in the matter of womenkind. Of course he won't, for he has reached the stage of having theories on the subject, which is fatal to a novelist. The cool-brained, proud, and constrained young person, whom we have seen so often before, turns up again in 'Mercy.' You could tell she was a creation of Howells with your eyes shut. Yet 'Mercy' is a good story, and pathetic too. The mental and physical lassitude that settle on the fugitives from justice who have crossed the border to Canada, and make their efforts at retrievement of no avail, is a sad enough picture in American morals, but it forms an effective background here. The swindler in this case fares better than his deserts, and Mr. Howells is not indignant, recognizing with gratitude that time and circumstances often combine to bring forth a protecting power to shield the weak and unworthy, which he calls Mercy.

Mr. Howells comes up again in the same batch of books. He has written a sympathetic and enthusiastic preface to Miss Craig's translation of Verga's 'House by the Medlar Tree.' The only readers he thinks it worth while interesting are those "who feel the tie binding us all together in the helplessness of our common human life, and running from the lowliest as well as the highest to the Mystery immeasurable above the whole earth." This is the kind of thing that pulls up a frivolous reader at the Circulating Library, and gives him pause. As for the story itself, it is a remarkable one. It stands out from other books of the month, but I am only half-way through it, and cannot judge it yet.

The writer of the 'Chronicles of Westerly,' whoever he may be, is the friendliest of novelists. But then he is not a novelist, rather a sort of genial gossip ready to take all his readers into his confidence, to forestall all their objections, make allowance for their prejudices, and give reasons for his own. He chatters very pleasantly, and sometimes very wittily, through three volumes, and by that time we know Westerly better than if we had been for three weeks the guest of Mrs. Fungus. This chronicler might be a novelist if he could tell a story, but he can't. He is proud of his digressions, and with some reason. I wonder if he is as conscious of another power, that of painting portraits. Lavinia, Mr. Pipperley, Georgie, and the Rev. Joseph Tinkler are like old friends, and so is Fitz, till he takes responsibilities on himself. Evidently aware that there is no story to speak of in the first two volumes, a desperate attempt is made in the third, and erring sons come home, mysterious ladies are discovered whom the erring sons loved long ago. There is a wild confusion of recognitions, reconciliations, and general prosperity at the end, very disturbing to the tranquil mood which the first part had engendered. I hope the threat of this being his last book will not be kept by the writer, whose readers will welcome any digressions that do not lead him away from literature.

The stories in the volume called 'In Tent and Bungalow' will not be serious rivals to the 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' They have not any very distinct flavour of their own, nor are they marked by the hard-headed cynicism peculiar to Mr. Kipling. But they are sprightly, and full of an easy, careless kind of talent. To those who have never experienced the excitements of an Indian station, they will be specially grateful, reminding them, as they do, of the happy fate that has not condemned them to seek society amongst the majors and colonels of the 200th and their wives, or amusement in hunting tigers on the back of a mad elephant.

'Mithazan,' by Mr. Braunston Jones, contains at least twice the amount of reading of an ordinary three-volumed novel. This hardly sounds like a recommendation. But it is a most interesting book, though I don't think I have quite understood it. It is about a terrible secret of Nature. A beautiful woman is possessed with and by a hideous power, by which she inflicts sudden death on her nearest of kin and the beloved of her soul, that is to say she is 'Mithazan.' It is comforting to hear that "this accursed freak of nature occurs but rarely." Still, this example of it is not pleasant to read of, and it is a relief when the lady with the fatal gift is buried alive in the Catacombs. The worst of it is that "her mind was as noble and beautiful as her outward form." When she did evil she was "under the curse and ban of nature." I suspect an allegory under all this story, and not having caught it exactly I feel uncomfortable.

Here is a list for book clubs of some of the notable publications of the month:—

Fiction.—Grant Allen, Duchess of Powysland, 3 vols.; L. Couperus, Eline Vere; D. Gerard, On the Way Through; G. Gissing, Denzil Quarrier; W. D. Howells, Mercy; Sir H. Maxwell, The Letter of the Law; W. C. Russell, A Strange Elopement; G. R. Sims, Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law; Jokai, Petty Michal; E. Martin, Even Mine Own Familiar Friend, 2 vols.; C. M. Yonge, That Stick, 2 vols.; Mrs. Leith Adams, A Garrison Romance, 3 vols.; A. Bierce, In the Midst of Life; R. Boldrewood, Nevermore, 3 vols.; C. Harding. The Bo'sun of the Psyche; Bret Harte, Colonel Starbottle's Client; Baring-Gould, Margery of Quether; In Tent and Bungalow; Chronicles of Westerly; Farningham, In 1900?

History.—Freeman's Historical Essays; E. S. Beesly, Queen Elizabeth; A. G. Keene, The Literature of France; Patrick Cochrane, Mediæval Scotland; Jephson, The Platform; Lord Selborne, Ancient Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Tithes, revised and enlarged edition.

Biography.—Aitken, Life and Works of Arbuthnot; H. G. Keene, Madhava Rao Sindhia; Theuriet, etc., Bastien-Lepage and his Art.

Poetry.—W. Watson, Poems; R. F. Tondrow, A Garden and other Poems; Butler's Translation of Dante's Hell; Rennell Rodd, The Violet Crown; J. Barlow, Bog Land Studies; Miss Tynan, Ballads and Lyrics.

Miscellaneous.—Sir J. F. Stephen, Horæ Sabbaticæ; A Plea for Liberty, revised and enlarged; F. Anstey, Mr. Punch's Young Reciter; J. Hatton, Cigarette Papers; Letters of Dickens to Wilkie Collins; Sir C. Dilke and S. Wilkinson, Imperial Defence; Marianne North's Recollections of a Happy Life.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

For Regulations see BOOKMAN *for February.*

ACACIA.—Carefully written, but it calls for no c ommen. It would be quite useless to send it to a magazine.

ALISI.—Read the story to a child of six. That will be the best test whether it is worth offering to a child's magazine. It is good in its way. Don't use italics, nor many superlatives, and give the king and queen prettier, if less learned names.

ANGLO-SAXON I.—It is a soul-stirring romance—till the last paragraph. Such a prosaic ending is impossible. Your language is much too fine to be understood in the neighbourhood in which your story is laid. A mediæval subject would suit your pen and inspiration better. Why did "the peerless Florence" wear an "inky cloak"?

ANGLO-SAXON II.—The verses are not promising.

APEX.—A sprightly essay. Avoid such hackneyed phrases as "Echo answers, Where?" and when you mean "the poor horse" don't say "the equine victim." You might send this to one of the minor weekly journals.

ARMAGH.—Unconventional, at least. But why should you require horses to change their habits and make themselves heralds of the morn?

BEN.—You are in such haste to point your cynical moral that you hurry on with relentless ellipsis. The story suggests a harlequinade. You should try your hand at a farce.

BETH.—There is nothing striking in the lines, but you have a fair mastery of language and verse.

BUTTER PAPER.—We should not advise you to set your story out on its travels again. The end is not bad, but the beginning is hard to get over. Perhaps the editor thought the "eloquent dumb" lady used too fine language for his paper when she did speak. Lines 1 and 2 on p. 3 sin against ordinary good taste even, and the description of Brighton visitors, p. 6, is in the same style.

C. F. B.—As you say, the metre is often faulty. Transposition of words is sometimes useful, but since the metre is not improved, why do you transpose? The last three verses of No. 2 look as if you had thrown your words up in the air and sent us them for a puzzle in the order they came down. There is a glaring grammatical mistake in I v. 3 l. 4. "Bosom" and "to come" won't do for rhymes, and don't "fetch" a nightingale's song just because you want a rhyme for "stretch."

B. C.—In stanza 1, l. 7, you mean "dropped" not "sank." Find another rhyme. Stanza 2, poor and really difficult to understand.

A. B. C.—A very poetical conception of the subject. The wording is not always skilful, but the fragment shows distinct promise.

B. A. C.—Your subject is good, and you write fairly well. A magazine for young people might accept the legend.

LEILA CONWAY.—The story does not carry conviction with it. We don't believe it would have turned out so. But your verse is not at all bad. "Caise" and "wars," however, won't do for rhymes, and the first three lines of stanza 8 are very prosaic.

DART.—You do not make your readers realise the beauty you attempt to describe. Your paper is dull. Among minor faults may be noted a constant change of tenses. If it were re-written in a livelier way, and, perhaps, illustrated, it might be of real interest to English tourists.

DAVOS.—Very good sense, but why did you put it in verse? The language except for a few inversions and ellipses is that of very ordinary prose.

CORALIE DELAVOUR.—Pretty. Stanzas 2 and 3 are the best.

DIAL.—The translation is good, though not perfect. The form of the verses suggest rhyme. And would not "peace" serve better than "death" as an antithesis in the last line? The others are below the average. How could a millionaire "wipe all shame from off our brow"?

E. DOR.—You seem to have no lack of poetical ideas. But they are only half expressed, and the verse is careless. You mean "tolerant," surely not "tolerable," on the last page. Your handwriting, beautiful but illegible, makes our criticism perhaps harder than it would otherwise be.

DONNA BARBARA.—Very pretty verses. We should advise you to cut down their length somewhat.

J. D.—A poor description. What is the good of such trite reflections as those on p. 6? There is a mistake in fact in what you say of Clough's mother's tomb. And "wild ideas of the etiquette of describing things" is not lucid.

C. A. E.—There is thought in your verse, but it is dull and wordy. If you could gather up the meaning into half-a-dozen stanzas, it would gain in effect.

M. R. E.—An intelligent summary of the chief points of the poem. We should not describe it by the adjective you so dislike. Next time you write a paper of this kind, let someone else choose a subject for you. The chances are you would find something to criticize or to puzzle over, and for practice in writing, such a subject would be more useful than one about which you had only unqualified enthusiasm to express.

E.—Two of the stories are decidedly good; the third is fair. Alter the grammatical mistake in sentence 1 of No. 1. You should have no difficulty in getting them inserted in a children's magazine. The verses are much inferior. You seem to have little ear for rhythm.

LESLIE FENN.—Well enough written, but the story has no interest. Girls, for whom it is probably written, would call it "goody-goody," in spite of what you say on p. 7.

GAX.—Fairly good for a first story. But there is no special merit in it.

GUY.—The story is pretty and refined in tone. The minor tones are too unrelieved, but otherwise we have no alteration to suggest. A magazine for elder girls might possibly accept it.

HONORICUS.—Very good. It has hardly enough "go" in it for a popular magazine story, but it has distinct merits, of a kind not too common—refinement and absence of any writing tricks. We think you should cut the introductory part down considerably. The first poem in the story is good, the other less so.

HURRY.—You alienate your readers' sympathy far too much by making the professor such an unheard of blunderer. Shorten the conversations relating to the first and second time of asking. They are unreal. The story might be made a good one, but it would want re-writing almost entirely.

J. A. G. H.—The story of the doctor is dull, and there are surprising faults of construction on pp. 4 and 7. The dialogue does not read very well, but if it roused interest when it was acted, that is the best test. The third is the most amusing.

JIM.—The lines have no literary merit whatsoever.

JOAN.—No. 1 might be much improved, especially stanzas 3 and 5; No. 2, pretty; No. 3 wants trimming. None of the three are without merit.

JONATHAN JOKER.—The plot of the story is fairly good, but it is told in a complicated fashion, and is too long. We should advise your shortening it by omitting, at least, the introductory letter and the fine quotations.

JUDITH.—Very good of its kind. A magazine for young persons might be glad to have it, as the moral is excellent, and it is told in a straightforward, simple fashion.

KINGSTON.—Judging from the sample sent, we doubt if the recollections would be of much interest, but you may have better behind. At all events, find out whether the publishers who are willing to take the MS. agree to take the risk.

KISMET.—Certainly better than the last you sent. But it reads like the description of something you did not see. It is wanting in grip.

LYRA.—Very promising considering your age. The second is hardly a sonnet, but it contains a very pretty fancy.

A. K. O. L.—There is no special fault to be found with your lines, but they don't show much power.

MARTEXT.—An ingenious fancy, but very ambitious. A few phrases more or less closely imitated from "As you like it," a description of costumes, and some foreign phrases, sometimes incorrect, don't carry out your idea. Such a scene is nothing unless funny. But it was something to conceive the idea even.

MITLEID.—A pathetic story, which doubtless has need to be told. The writing is fairly good. Considering the subject, we should think a Scotch newspaper might take it.

MUSICAL SIGNALMAN.—Nos. 1, 2, and 5 have little value. Nos. 3 and 4 (if you are sure of your facts in the latter) you might send to a local newspaper.

MYALLA.—Your verses are not very promising. "To beck less" is rather a desperate rhyme for "reckless," and there are other defects of the kind. But it is not so much in the form as in the matter that the verses are wanting.

C. B. M.—Use quotations sparingly, and let them be apt and striking. There is no original thought in the essay, but you write good English. This is not at all the sort of thing a magazine would accept.

FLOSSIE M.—The story is much too drawn out. It would be far more effective if you cut out half. The conversations are tedious. Otherwise it is fairly good, but we must, in candour, say dull.

W. H. M.—The best advice we can send is to try to forget you ever tried to write in blank verse. We don't know whether it was "a coarse impediment" or not that made you "loose (*sic*) the path," but lose it you did. Do not, therefore, ruffle what you describe as "Your smooth-set hair" in further frenzies. The first requisite for serious writing is a sense of the ridiculous. It doesn't matter so much for comic literature.

NAH UND FERN.—The translation is not good. Körner's words ring out clear and vigorous, like the clanging of steel. You have failed to render this, as many have failed before you.

K. E. N. N.—No 1 is not an ode. But, what is worse, it is incomprehensible. "Awe" and "o'er" are shocking failures as rhymes. Nos. 2 and 3 sound like nonsense, but we express no decided opinion.

OLIVIA.—No. 1 shows an observation of natural things, and the verse is very fair. But what do you mean by No. 2? The title of your verses might as well have been "The Two Juliuses." (1) Julius Cæsar, an eminent Roman, and (2) Julius, my pet weasel.

F. A. O.—These verses have no merit at all.

PEARL.—The lines are pretty. They hardly call for criticism, except with regard to the refrain, which we should suggest omitting or altering.

PYRO.—No. 1 is prose fancifully arranged. The verses on "that last infirmity of noble minds" are better, but No. 3 is the only one with any real merit.

R. R.—Your MS. shows distinct talent, and you should make your way as a writer of stories. The weakest scenes are where Maurice and his mother appear.

G. E. R.—The opening chapter of the tale you send is not very promising. Don't play with words, as you do in certain marked passages. It is a trick to be avoided. And don't misquote Shakespeare. It would be worth your while to study the formation of sentences and punctuation thoroughly. No editor would look at the story in its present form. With some care you might turn the tale into an effective argument for temperance, if that be your intention.

S.—We can hardly criticise seriously what is evidently a very juvenile attempt. You write well, but you have given a very big title to a very slight essay, which shows shadowy historical knowledge, and very immature thinking.

SHELL-FISH.—Your romance is told with some degree of effect, though it is not a striking composition. The blank verse halts once or twice, chap. 6, p. 2, for example.

[For want of space we are obliged to hold over till April our criticisms of MSS. sent by Amy Robsart, Shamrock, Aubrey Scott, Salammbo, Tenerorum Lusor Amorum, W. J. T., Tundo Tudor, Alice Vane, Vigilando Munio, and Charles Wessex.]

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bevan, A. A.—Short Commentary on the Book of Daniel, 3/-
[*A very promising book.*] Camb. Univ. Press
Bourne, W. St. Hill.—Studies of the Spiritual Life, 2/6
Buhl, Dr. F.—Canon and Text of the Old Testament, trans. by Rev. J. Macpherson, 7/6 .....Clark
[*A sound and scholarly work up to date.*]
Cutts, Rev. E. L.—Notes of Lessons on the Church in the New Testament, 2/6.....S.P.C.K.
Meyrick, F.—The Church in Spain, 6/- .....W. W. Gardner
Moule, H. G. C.—Prayers for the Home, 3/6.....Seeley
Murphy, Rev. J. B. C.—The Chain of our Sins, 2/6
Sadler, R.—Vox Clamantis, 6/- .....Kegan Paul
Smart, H. S.—Thomas Cook's Early Ministry, 2/6 ..Wes. Conf. Office
Sully, J.—The Human Mind, a Text-book of Psychology, 2 vols., 21/- Longmans
Scott Holland, H.—Sermons, Contemporary Pulpit Library, 2/6 Sonnenschein
Lyon, Rev. D.—Christianity and Infallibility. Both or Neither? 5/- Longmans
Maurice, F. D.—Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, vol. 4, 3/6 Macmillan

NEW EDITIONS.

Milligan, Rev. W.—Lectures on the Apocalypse, 5/- .....Macmillan

FICTION.

Adams, Mrs. Leith.—A Garrison Romance, 3/6 ..Eden & Remington
Albert, M.—The Shelling of the Peas, 31/6 .....Hurst
[*A pleasant tale.*]
Allen, Grant.—The Duchess of Powysland, 31/6....Chatto & Windus
[*An improbable story, but very lively and much more readable than Mr. Grant Allen's long stories generally are.*]
Bierce, A.—In the Midst of Life. Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, 6/-
[*A collection of powerful, but very ghastly stories.*]Chatto & Windus
Boldrewood, R.—Nevermore, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Macmillan
[*There are many stirring pages in this story of wild life amid the Australian gold mines. The plot is not very well-constructed, and to the close resemblance between two men, on which it turns, the writer has hardly managed to give an air of probability.*]
Cambridge, A.—Not All in Vain, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Heinemann
Cobb, T.—The Westlakes, 6/- .....Griffith
Cobb, T.—Miss Merewether's Money, 2 vols., 12/6 ..Ward & Downey
Couperus, L.—Eline Vere, trans. by J. T. Grein, 5/- Chapman & Hall
Cresswell, H.—Fairest of Three, 31/6 .....Hurst & Blackett
[*A rather tedious story. The heroine never comes to her rights, which is disappointing, and there is an unnecessary tragedy at the end.*]
Crim, Matt.—Adventures of a Fair Rebel, 3/6 .....Chatto & Windus
Dan's Mother, or a Quaker Hero, by the author of May Constant, 6/- Eden
Farningham, Marianne.—Nineteen Hundred? a Forecast and a Story, 3/6 J. Clarke
[*A story dealing with social problems, and foretelling a solution of present difficulties by peaceful means.*]
Gerard, D.—On the Way Through, and other tales, 6/- .....Eden
[*The writer has a special talent for writing short stories. The one about the home-sick military servant is powerful. They have all point and conciseness.*]
Gissing, G.—Denzil Quarrier, 6/-.....Lawrence & Bullen
Harding, C.—The Bo'sun of the Psyche, 31/6.....Unwin
Harte, Bret.—Colonel Starbottle's Client, 3/6 .....Chatto & Windus
[*A very readable volume of short stories, which show Bret Harte at least at his second best.*]
Herman, H.—A Leading Lady, 3/6; Eagle Joe, 3/6, Chatto & Windus and Griffith & Farran
Hewson, J. J.—This and my Pipe, 1/3 .....Simpkin
[*Broadly humorous sketches, reprinted from "Hood's Annual," "The Era," etc.*]
Houghton, Rev. C.—Won in Spite of Him, 6/- .....Digby & Long
Howells, W. D.—Mercy, 6/- .....Simpkin
[*This is a story with powerful situations. Some of the minor characters are amusing, especially the reporter who turns amateur detective. But it does not show Mr. Howells at his best.*]
Huntingdon, E. M. and A.—The Squire's Nieces, 2/6 .....S. Low
In Tent and Bungalow, by the Author of Indian Idylls .....Methuen
[*A volume of very readable short stories of Indian life.*]
James, C. T. C.—Holy Wedlock, a Story of Things as they are, 6/- Ward & Downey
Jokai's Pretty Michal, a free translation by R. N. Bain, 5/- Chapman & Hall
[*A historical tale of the 17th century.*]
Jones, W. B.—Mithazan, a Secret of Nature, 31/6 .....Unwin
[*Lovers of the supernatural and the weird in fiction will read this strange tale with interest.*]
Krikorian, J.—A Knave and a Fool, 2/-
Lahee, M. R.—Sybil West, 5/-.....Clegg
Martin, E.—Even Mine Own Familiar Friend, 2 vols., 12/- ....S. Low
Maxwell, Sir H.—The Letter of the Law, 3/6 .....Henry
[*A tale founded on the eccentricities of the Scotch Marriage Law. It is readable, and told with some vigour.*]
Mitford, B.—Golden Face, a tale of the Wild West, 2/6 ....Trischler
Paterson, A.—A Partner from the West, 5/- .....Chapman & Hall
Phillips, Mrs. A.—A Spinster's Diary, 1/-..... Arrowsmith
[*A very readable story of a family's ups and downs and adventures.*]
Pryce, R.—Miss Maxwell's Affections, 3/6.....Chatto & Windus
Reade, A.—Slaves of the Sawdust.....White
[*A tale of circus life.*]
Rita.—The Laird of Cockpen, 2/6 .....F. White
Russell, W. C.—A Marriage at Sea, 3/6 .....Macmillan
A Strange Elopement, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*A fascinating story.*]
Schallenberger, V.—Green Tea, 1/6 .....Unwin
Sims, G. R.—Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law, 2/6 .....Newnes
[*Very amusing.*]
Sims, G. R.—Zeph, 2/- .....Chatto & Windus
[*A circus story.*]
Smart, H.—Without Love or Licence, 2/- .....Chatto & Windus
Smythe, R. E.—Wilful Peggy, 6/- .....Digby & Long
Sweetman, W.—Libertas; or, Through Dreamland to Truth, 31/6 Eden
Yonge, C. M.—Two Penniless Princesses, 3/6 .....Macmillan
Yonge, C. M.—That Stick, 2 vols., 12/-.....Macmillan
[*The tone is unexceptionable, and the incidents and characters are fairly interesting. It is a novel for young persons, and by them it will be read with admiration.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Allen, G.—Dumaresq's Daughter, 3/6 .....Chatto & Windus
Ask Mamma, by author of Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, 6/- Bradbury
Black, W.—Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, 2/6 .....S. Low
Oliphant, Mrs.—He that Will not when he May, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*A reprint of the second edition of this popular novel. The type and binding are excellent.*]
Stowe, Mrs. H. B.—Uncle Tom's Cabin, illust. by E. W. Kemble, 2 vols., 16/-.....S. Low

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Armstrong, F. S.—One in the Infinite, 7/6 .....Longmans
Baily, W. M.—Classical Poems.....Clarke, Cincinnati
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